

THE
PARSON'S WIFE.

A NOVEL.



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WRITTEN

BY A LADY.

VOL. II.

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THE

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A PEARL FOUND AMONG SWINE.

AT the end of the first act, the manager begged leave to introduce a little *pheonymymer*, whose *local* powers exceeded all description—and who should appear to sing but Betsey Jenkins!

Hadleigh instantly leaped on the stage, and, snatching her in his arms,

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B

carried

carried her to her astonished friends—she sprung round Mary's neck, who returned her fondness with equal rapture, to the utmost surprize of the gaping audience, who unanimously agreed she must be a child of high birth, inveigled away by the shew people.

The manager called Jenkins, who was engaged behind the scenes, to view the interruption his daughter had occasioned—but when he beheld her in Miss Godfrey's arms, he thought fit to make a precipitate retreat.

Lady Newland's party being wholly satisfied with their share in the entertainment, exultingly departed with their prize.

Betsey laughed and prattled, saying, “ she thought her Miss Godfrey would fetch her away, some day
or

or other, from such naughty folks, who never taught her to read or work, and beat her, though she tried to be a good girl."

"But do you not admire these fine clothes, Betsey?" said Mrs. Maddel; "you never had a cap with feathers and ribbons at Godfrey-hall."

"No;" returned Betsey, "I cried when they put it on, for Miss Godfrey often told me, fine caps, or fine frocks would not make me good or happy; so I did not want to wear it."

Mary hugged the child for her affectionate and retentive memory.

Mr. Godfrey rejoiced in an event so grateful to his daughter, and determined to see Jenkins, and make him account for committing such an outrage—though it was pretty obvi-

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ous, the gentleman, on the amendment of his health, had felt a return of his passion for rambling—and his child, being a prodigy of her age, he, no doubt, thought she would be an advantageous companion in his rambles.

When Matthew saw Betsey return in Lady Newland's coach, he could scarcely believe his eyes; on hearing from whence she was recovered, he said it was a mercy she was rescued from the hands of such vagabonds, who would have bred her in their own wicked pranks.

Matthew was next day sent ambassador to the court of puppets, with orders to make the manager any reasonable amends he required, for the loss of one of his company, and to summons Jenkins before Mr. Godfrey.

Matthew

Matthew found Jenkins engaged in the rehearsal.—“ Tell your master,” said he, “ I beg to be excused—he may see his wife lectures have no effect on me, so he had better keep his breath to cool his pottage.—They have got the child away,” added he, “ by whom I expected to make my fortune—and I don’t know what right they have to make a property of my flesh and blood—I warrant Betsey would have made some figure in life had she remained with me—for, in a little time, I would have got her on the stage, at the Circus or Sadler’s Wells, where, besides her voice and her ear for music, which she inherits from me, she would soon have learned to dance and tumble as well as the best of them.”

B 3 “ Thank

"Thank God," returned Matthew, "you may dance and tumble by *yourself*, for Betsey is safe.—But do you recollect Mr. Jenkins, the little sum you borrowed of me, under pretence of redeeming your cloaths?"

"Oh! that's neither here nor there; so, my honest friend, you may go and whistle for it."

The circumstance of lending Jenkins five guineas, Matthew had omitted mentioning to his master from two motives—he neither liked to publish his own credulity, or to incense Mr. Godfrey still more against the offender—he looked on his master's displeasure as so heavy an affliction, that he would have saved his worst enemy from its weight.

Finding saucy language was all he was to expect from Jenkins, he left him—who, as soon as Matthew's back

back was turned, said, "the old soul and his master were both angry with him then, but the next time he was either sick or sorry, if he made a fine tale, their soft hearts would melt and relieve him."

A RE-ESTABLISHMENT AT GODFREY-HALL.

Mr. Godfrey found, from Matthew's report, though mild as the case would admit, that Jenkins was resolved to shun him.

Mary prepared to leave Newland-house, with a far lighter heart than she arrived, though her departure occasioned sorrow in many.

Lady Newland was truly concerned to part from her friends—the villagers were filled with regret—but

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young Lewisham felt more than all ; such was his affliction, he could not trust himself to pay a farewell visit.

His father commiserated his situation, yet hoped a passion apparently so void of nourishment would soon decay—but love, inspired by innate charms, as much as by a lovely exterior, is not encumbered by gross particles, which easily sink it—Its light, aspiring nature, continues soaring whilst memory is faithful, and can only know a change to *friendship* bordering on veneration.

Mr. Godfrey's family arrived safe in London, where the Mordants and Mansfields heartily congratulated them on recovering the child—they only remained a few months in Pall Mall, and then returned to Hampton, where they once more settled, to Mr. Godfrey's entire satisfaction, who

who preferred home to all other places, having there more leisure and opportunity for the reflection that made him valuable in this world, and prepared him for a better.

Mr. Godfrey was of an age and constitution to expect many years of health and strength, but, from the hour he lost his wife, his thoughts more particularly extended beyond this life—and, though no man more thankfully enjoyed the blessings Heaven poured in his cup, he was ready to resign them for the accomplishment of sublimer hopes.

Mary felt herself very happy at Hampton, but wishing for a little of the society of her friend Constance, she wrote to invite her and Mr. Mansfield to Godfrey-hall, and Hadleigh brought her word in one of

his frequent visits, that they intended being her guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Conway expressed great pleasure on the return of their neighbours to Godfrey-hall—and the Carters visited them on the occasion, whose chief subject of conversation was Miss Newland's marriage with the Chevalier.

Mr. Carter said his son liked the girl, and she must be a silly flirt to prefer a Frenchman; for which reason he was glad she had slipped through their fingers.

Mrs. Carter intimated Augustus had been used ill; saying, false-hearted people seldom come to any good.

“No, Mamma,” retorted Wilhelmina, pertly, “nor faint heart never won a fair lady.”

Augustus

Augustus felt a *reflection* in this speech, and looked more silly than usual—but, instead of replying to it, observed *the days lengthened*.

FRIENDSHIP ALARMED.

Mrs. Mansfield arrived at Godfrey-hall, unaccompanied by her husband, who, she said, was detained by some friends out of the country.

Mary was glad such a reason appeared cogent to Constance, who was chearful as usual—but Mary could not, in her own mind, excuse Mansfield, for preferring any company to that of his wife—a notion truly obsolete,—neither was she of a likely disposition to discard it.

Mary prudently forbore hinting any dissatisfaction to her friend, with whom she passed her time in social chat.

Their friends in Wales had a considerable share in their conversation : Mrs. Mansfield produced an epistle from Aunt Elizabeth, which they perused, as the performance of one she much esteemed.

“ To Mrs. MANSFIELD.

“ Dear Neice,

“ I would fain assure you of my kind love—for, although I am a bad pen-woman, it is better to shew want of skill than want of affection.—I am glad to hear you had a good journey—your setting out on Childermas-day mortally disturbed me—but, if goodness could secure

cure you from harm, I was sure you would be unmolested.

“ My nephew and you are constantly in my thoughts, and so is my sweet Miss Godfrey.—Pray remember me very kindly to her ;—tell her my dreams denote she will be very happy—I often hear her praises at old Lewin’s—he declines apace, but Sally is as dutiful as ever.

“ Old Jowler howled the other night—and the cock crowed before twelve o’clock ; but brother is very well, and so am I—we hope to remain hearty till we see you at Mountain Grove, and as long after as God pleases.

“ With love to Charles, I remain your loving aunt,

“ ELIZ. MANSFIELD.”

Mary

Mary regretted a worthy, sensible mind should entertain such absurd prejudices.

“Every one,” returned Constance, “must have something to interrupt their tranquillity — and imaginary causes often effect that, as much as real—but a truce with such trite moralizing.”

Mary eyed her friend as she spoke, and thought she perceived in her countenance an expression of melancholy—but the sudden change she gave to the subject, persuaded her, if Constance was uneasy, she wished to conceal it.

CONJUGAL VIRTUE.

Mrs. Mansfield fulfilled her engagement by going to Hampton—
but,

but, as Mr. Mansfield was not with her, she made a very short stay nor could Mary urge her to prolong it—though, in parting from her friend, her pain on the occasion was more than usual, because she conceived her happiness less than it first appeared. — True friendship is ever anxious, it deeply penetrates where indifference is blind—this was instanced by the truth of Mary's conjecture.

When Constance returned to Portman-square, she learnt that Mansfield was out of town—the intelligence was unwelcome — but she would not encourage discontent; lest the traces should remain on her countenance at his approach, in whose presence it was ever decked with smiles — though, of late, his frequent

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quent absences had reminded her of former inattention.

It is the characteristic of too many to be neglectful when certainty crowns their wishes.—Mansfield saw his wife amiable and charming—her virtue gave him security for her affection—so far satisfied, he scrupled not to mix with the gay acquaintance his situation procured. — One party promoted another, till his own engagements became so numerous, he had no time to unite in Mrs. Mansfield's—yet she invited his particular favourites to render home agreeable ; and, when she visited such, asked his company—but it was a favour she seldom obtained, and saw the domestic comforts she expected flee before her.

The clemency she had shewn to Mansfield's foibles, as Miss Hadleigh,

leigh, she then exercised in a more superlative degree — not only striving to hide them from the world, but from herself.

The same submissive disposition which reconciled her to relinquish him as a lover, supported her in her present disappointment—enabling her to be chearful and affectionate when some would have been sour and reproachful.

Mansfield, when Constance arrived at home, was on a hunting party near Windsor, from which he returned the next day, fatigued and dispirited—yet he was engaged for the evening, therefore he took two hours repose—and, seeing him ready dressed to step into the carriage, was all the satisfaction his wife derived from his return.

She

She would not trust herself to reflect, lest she should repine—but went to drink tea with her mother, and afterwards paid some visits of ceremony, which required an exertion of spirits—taking particular care to appear to her relations and acquaintance as if peace was her constant inmate.

Mary Godfrey was one of the last persons she would have had suspect her real situation, yet when she wrote to her, she betrayed a constraint in her pleasantries—a partiality to indifferent subjects, which laid a stronger foundation for her friend's anxiety.

A SUDDEN REQUEST.

Hadleigh came one day to Godfrey-hall, with unusual joy depicted
in

in his countenance — but Mary's was overspread with seriousness, when he informed her his expected living was become vacant, and he fondly hoped she would not suffer him to take possession of it alone.

Mary was far above the affectation of disguising a regard she felt, and had been induced to acknowledge — yet all her ideas did not concur in gratifying these hopes of Hadleigh's, so suddenly expressed.

Mr. Godfrey was not surprized at Hadleigh's haste to possess a treasure he knew himself to be inestimable — but, to part from his daughter three months sooner than he expected, a little disturbed his serenity : — Knowing, however, if he left the affair to her determination, she would dutifully consider his satisfaction before her lover's or her own — he generously prevailed

prevailed on Mary to give Hadleigh an unequivocal proof of her affection, by consenting to be his the ensuing week.

Mr. Godfrey invariably observed the golden rule, and never required longer to consider in any case than whilst he imagined himself the opposite party, and what conduct towards *himself* would be most agreeable.

Hadleigh moved with alacrity to inform his friends of his success and make the necessary preparations.

The news that Miss Godfrey was going to be married, flew throughout the neighbourhood.

Her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Conway prayed she might be as happy as themselves—Miss Carter was too envious to feel any good wishes on the occasion.

Wilhelmina

Wilhelmina saw all her young acquaintances entering the state she sighed after, though she did not possess one qualification to render it happy.

"I wonder," said Mr. Carter, "when we shall have a wedding in our family—I think, Wilhelmina, we must ship you off before you are past your market—unsaleable goods are bad stores—As to you, Augustus, if you do not very soon strike a good bargain, I will give up all thoughts of seeing our fortune inherited by the true blood."

"Only suffer me to see the world," said Augustus, "and I'll answer for it I shall make a proper choice."

"Yes, brother," said Wilhelmina, "you are very apt to make choices—but then you wait for the ladies to court you, whilst they re-serve

serve their favours for those they like better—for my own part, I believe I am composed of different materials from the rest of my sex—for, though the men pay me the greatest deference, my distant conduct discourages any thing further.”

“True, my love,” returned Mrs. Carter, “there is a delicacy in your way of thinking—a dignity in your manners, that awes them, and I should not wonder if you were to remain single all your life.”

Mrs. Carter might intend this speech as consolatory to her daughter, but it had no such effect, as Wilhelmina flounced out of the room, muttering, “though her father called her *unsaleable* goods, and her mother destined her to be an old maid, she would try hard to make them alter their opinion.”

THE APPARITION.

Mrs. Maddel wrote to Lady Newland, communicating the alteration that was soon to take place in the family.

Her ladyship mentioned the circumstance in the course of conversation, to young Lewisham, who felt himself so much affected, that he shortened his visit—and, hurrying home, he told his father, his mind was in so wretched a state, that only one gleam of comfort remained; “could I see Miss Godfrey, for five minutes, I should,” said he, “be more resigned—to tell her how much I adore her, would procure me the pleasure of engaging her attention in some degree—and I would take a last-

ing farewell, as of a friend from whom I was to be for ever removed."

Mr. Lewisham exceedingly reprobated such a step.

"Disdain," said he "to sue for compassion—forbear, by awakening it in Miss Godfrey's gentle bosom, to damp her present felicity."

But the young man persisted in his own opinion; though his father saw his obstinacy with concern, but could not vanquish it—wherefore Charles set forward on his romantic expedition, and made few delays till he got to Godfrey-hall, where he arrived two days before that appointed for the wedding.

He appeared restless and uneasy in conversation—and, at length begged to speak a few words to Miss Godfrey.

Mary

Mary wondered what he could have to say, that concerned her more than her friends present, but politely obliged him.

He then told her, in a pathetic strain, the emotions she had occasioned—adding, he only came to intreat her good wishes, and take leave of her for ever.

The declaration, far from increasing Mary's vanity, gave her sensible uneasiness—had not the solemnity of Lewisham's appearance discouraged her, she would have tried the effect of raillery—but, finding a serious answer could alone satisfy him, she said, (and sincerity marked her accents) she most truly wished him free from every unpleasant sensation, and should ever rejoice to hear of his happiness.

“Then Heaven blefs you,” returned Lewisham, taking her hand, and ardently gazing on her face, “loveliest, best of women, adieu!” saying which, he burst from her, and left the house.

Lewisham’s affecting behaviour rather depressed Mary’s spirits.—Her own situation impressed grave reflections—to give loose to them, she sallied forth by moon-light, to walk round the pleasure-ground, which, on a fine night, was favourite practice.

In the most retired part, she was alarmed by the sudden rustling of a large evergreen—but, how was her terror increased, when there issued from behind it a figure, wrapt in a sheet, which pronounced, somewhat indistinctly, the following words:

If

“If you marry William Hadleigh, the ghost of injured innocence shall perpetually haunt you!”

Mary had been wont to say that “every tongue that spoke but *Hadleigh's* name, spoke heavenly eloquence,” but it was far otherwise at that dreadful moment. — She flew from the sound with the swiftness of an Atlanta, leaving the apparition to vanish in fire, or by any other mode.

When she reached the house, it was some time before she could utter the cause of her fright. — On hearing it, Mr. Godfrey was convinced some *human*, not supernatural disturber, had resolved on giving this uneasiness; — the words expressed, having palpably that tendency.

He went, with Matthew to search the grounds — but the spectre having

full time to escape, they neither expected or met with success.

THE TRIUMPH OF REASON.

The adventure was not calculated to raise Mary's spirits—for, when the senses are so powerfully attacked, reason loses its authority.

She was an enemy to superstition, yet she believed, for wise purposes, supernatural appearances might still be permitted.—She could not think any *human being* so far her foe, as *wantonly* to sport with her peace of mind.

From such arguments she adduced an actual opinion, that she had either seen a ghost, or a substantial *friendly* informer that she was about to commit

mit an unjust act, by uniting herself to Hadleigh — yet, to think after such a manner, was to decide *him* an injurer of innocence, whose moral virtues had been his most powerful attractions.

In fine, a variety of perplexing and distressing ideas, for that night, effectually destroyed her repose, and so far altered her usual appearance of roseate health, that, when Hadleigh arrived the next day, to be ready for the ensuing happy morn, in viewing Mary, his joys were damped.

Mr. and Mrs. Mordant accompanied him—but a short note from Mrs. Mansfield imported to Mary, that she could not have the pleasure of being present at her nuptials;—another source of disquiet to the destined bride.—Had Constance assigned any material reason for her

absence, she could have borne the disappointment more patiently—but, being left to form a judgment, she directly concluded some domestic unhappiness rendered her friend unfit to join them.

Hadleigh was made acquainted with the interruption Mary had met with to her repose—and, from the effect he saw it had on her, thought it an unfortunate business.—He acknowledged it was a fright, that, to weak spirits, might have been of fatal consequence, but hoped, as her constitution had surmounted it, she would also allow her mind sufficient strength to reject every idea prejudicial to her peace—saying, he could make the most solemn asseverations, if she required such, that, instead of *injuring innocence*, he had ever studied to protect it.

Mary

Mary replied, "if the late cruel attack on my feelings made me doubt, forgive me:—I will think it, with my friends, some artful premeditated insinuation to shake my felicity.—I will endeavour to atone for my error, by henceforward studying to promote your happiness"

Hadleigh gave her a token of his love and forgiveness;—for which, (changing her humble strain) she called him *presuming*; and the rest of the day was passed in the utmost harmony.

Hadleigh slipped out at night, in hopes of catching the spectre on some further errand, but had not the satisfaction of encountering it:—he was really anxious to detect his invidious enemy, and thought some future time would effect it.

Lewisham's visit and behaviour, were related to Hadleigh as rather remarkable; he expressed a friendly interest in the young man's fate, and said, "he accidentally met him the night before as he was on the point of returning to Godfrey Cottage;" adding, "he perceived the traces of grief on his countenance, which, what he had then heard accounted for.

PATERNAL TENDERNESS.

The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Conway, and a young Lady on a visit to them, joined the party at Godfrey Hall, from whence they proceeded to church, and Hadleigh and Mary were indissolubly united.

When Mr. Godfrey resigned his daughter at the altar, he sent forth
an

an inward ejaculation, that her husband might prize her as he did.

It was a trying moment, to yield his first earthly blessing, as another's claim.

To know the charms of his Mary's endearing converse, must then be devoted to a different object.

To *know* that form, the exact image of his lost wife, beaming every just idea, would only at scanty intervals bless his sight. The big tear rolled down his cheek, which Mary perceiving, accompanied with a shower; yet she strove to imprint every word of the ceremony on her mind; and when she was pronounced a wife, she felt, as well as knew, the sacred importance of the character.

On their return from church, a select band of musick was appointed to salute the company. Souls attuned

to harmony and exalted by every virtuous sentiment, could not fail to be in concord with the sublimest sounds.

Throughout the day Mr. and Mrs. Conway testified such unfeigned pleasure suitable to the occasion, by sprightly converse, and heart-felt good wishes, that Mary esteemed them more than ever.

The young lady who accompanied them, was a relation of Mr. Conway's, and of the same name,—her person was most pleasingly interesting, and her manners distinguished by an artless gaiety, truly engaging.

Jemima Conway was the eldest of a large family:—her father had a place in the city, worth about three hundred pounds a year; which income he did not wholly expend, yet contrived

contrived that himself, his wife, and six children, should make a genteel appearance.

Mr. Conway was supposed to be very generous to the younger part of the family, though the relationship was not very near. His treatment of Jemima was the most friendly to be conceived, who had just commenced her visit, and proved so agreeable to both Mr. and Mrs. Conway, that they were resolved not to part from her in a hurry:

The party at Godfrey Hall admired Jemima excessively. The encouraging attention they paid her, increased her natural vivacity; whatever she said, seemed the chearful emanations of an innocent, happy heart, not the resulting overbearing spirits from self-approbation, and gratified vanity.

Mary could not be otherwise than pleased with the society on this important day. It was made up of some of her dearest friends, amply qualified to support with spirit and affection the general satisfaction; but her beloved Constance was absent, whose attractive merit first impelled her friendship.

Mr. Godfrey determined the little time his daughter was to remain with him, should not be embittered on his part, by repining that she must leave him.

He suffered her happiness to dispel every uneasy thought, and felt that peace

“ Which goodness bosoms ever.”

THE CARELESS HUSBAND.

If regret for the absence of Mrs. Mansfield obtruded on Mary's joys, Constance suffered a severe addition to other cares, by refusing to attend; as she could not give the real excuse, she refrained from any.

Mansfield had been from home four days, though he went out only for one; wherefore she was robbed of her power to appear serene, and rather than give her friends any suspicion she was otherwise than happy, she shunned their sight.

Mr. and Mrs. Mordant did not think Mansfield appeared so attached to home, as their daughter's attractions deserved he should be; but they

they allowed for his youth, and the dissipation of the age.

Hadleigh had been too much at Hampton, to pay many visits in Portman Square: he fondly loved his sister, and hoping her felicity was established, with more avidity pursued his own:

The sixth day after his departure, Mansfield returned; Constance welcomed him as usual. He asked her "if she had not wondered where he could be."

"No," said she, smiling, "I only wished your return, without endeavouring to account for your absence."

"The business was this," replied Mansfield, throwing himself along the sofa, and indolently drawling his words, as if he grudged the trouble of an explanation, though
such

such sweetness impelled it; "Sir Harry Thornton and I betted which could drive first to Canterbury (by the bye I was distanced) from thence we took it in our heads to proceed to Dover, and then crossed over to Calais, where we have been shooting ever since."

"Another time, my dear Charles, (said Constance) when you take such a sudden trip, favour me with a line, that I may just know whether to pray for you *by sea or by land*, or I may chance to be amongst those *distressed in mind*."

"Nay, I did write my dear, but unluckily when I thought the letter had reached you, I found it safe in my coat pocket."

That he had written, was however, a consolatory circumstance, to his

his amiable wife, from shewing he recollected such a person existed.

Mansfield remained at home the rest of the day, which likewise pleased her, but he was joined by company in the evening, not much adapted for her society.

Constance let some hours pass before she could mention to her husband her brother's wedding, least he should feel a reproach in his having staid away; but she was convinced on her part, she merely absented herself in conformance to her own feelings; far, very far from wishing to injure his; yet her delicacy suggested right.

Mansfield seemed wholly conscious of having by his inconsiderate conduct unfitted her for the company of her friends, and affectionately taking her hand, said, "they would

go together and visit the new married couple."

Constance, elated at his words and manner, proposed to go soon, as her brother and sister were only to remain a fortnight longer at Godfrey Hall. The next day was appointed by Mansfield, and Constance joyfully anticipated embracing Mary as a sister, who was already endeared to her by the tenderest friendship.

Mansfield did not change his mind in the space of fourteen hours, and they arrived at Hampton to complete the universal joy.

Mary forgot any apology had been requisite on the part of Constance, who was careful not to inform the company her husband had been in France, while she was expecting him every hour at home; and that, although he had written to her on
the

the occasion, he put his letter in his pocket instead of the post.

Indeed the present satisfaction distanced every care, and so irradiated her countenance, that Mary reproached herself for entertaining notions that her friend's tranquillity was invaded.

THE POWDER BOX.

The joy on the wedding day was confined to their own immediate circle, but the remainder of the fortnight to be passed by the bride and bridegroom at Godfrey Hall, was dedicated to a more general festivity; and such popular acts of goodness, as are ever grateful to heaven, and calculated to ensure a continuance
of

of those blessings, which already beamed propitious.

Surrounding families of distinction evinced an impatience to visit the bride, whose deportment in her maiden state, had been respected and admired, except where envy blinded the judgment.

Whether such was the case with respect to Miss Carter, or *whether* the frivolty of her ideas disqualified her for drawing just conclusions, but so it was, that she beheld Mary's felicity, and heard her praises with unconquerable aversion; nor could she, with any degree of composure, arrange her finery to accompany her family in the bridal visit.

If her mother spoke to her, Wilhelmina answered her so snappishly, that Mrs. Carter not only congratulated

lated herself on retaining her nose, but returned thanks for the safety of her head.

The unfortunate hair-dresser was dismissed in disgrace, and Augustus, on enquiring if she was ready, saluted with a whole box of powder on his face, and, still worse, on his last new coat.

“ Now Miss, (said he) I'll tell of your tricks in Mr. Godfrey's shrubbery ;” and much incensed ran (with his coat like a miller's, and his face ghastly both with powder and passion) to his mother, who screamed at his appearance ; but on learning the cause of it, her fright was changed to dread lest his father should see him, therefore advised him to alter his dress directly.

Augustus was hurrying out of the room for the purpose, and in his haste

haste brushed against his father, who was entering, which, of course, communicated a large *quantum* of powder to Mr. Carter's dark suit; who, without considering *himself*, stared at his son; "hey-dey! (said he) I have heard you have been puppy enough to shake powder on the shoulders of a new coat,—but is it the *ton* to be whitened from head to foot?"

"If the consumption of snuff had been equal to that of such vile dross, we should soon have made a fortune, and no thanks to the prize in the lottery."

Augustus and his mother left Mr. Carter to finish his harangue by himself; it brought on a train of reflections, which enveloped him in his own consequence—his wig was pushed on one side in the rencontre, and

and his cloaths in the state described; so that with his gold lace waistcoat, and dark countenance, his appearance, as he paraded about the room, was not unlike that of a very fine chimney sweeper on May-day.

Wilhelmina entering in all the outward pomp of feathers, flowers, and flounces, and all the inward littleness of pride and envy, interrupted her father's cogitations; in viewing him, she began to think he must have met the fate designed for her brother, but ventured to ask him "if he would not have his coat brushed;" when his eyes were opened to the occasion for it, he raved at all fools and coxcombs, threatened Augustus with a caning, and as he brandished the weapon, it caught in one of Wilhelmina's ill-fastened flounces, which,
with

with her impatience, became more and more entangled, so that by the time it was repaired, and their passions cooled, it was quite late; and when they arrived at Godfrey Hall, a large company was assembled, amongst which they entered, with the remains in their faces of the domestic hurly-burly, in addition to their usual awkwardness.

THE PROOF POSITIVE.

Mr. Godfrey had not mentioned such a supposition, but from Miss Carter's invidious conduct to Miss Worley, and the tenor of her manners, he had some idea she was the author of his daughter's alarm, previous to her marriage.

It was natural he should wish a discovery, as every occurring incident to those we love is interesting.

He did not think he should be justified in taxing Miss Carter unequivocally with the business; he therefore only introduced it in conversation, imagining if her countenance was more honest than her actions commendable, it would confirm or lessen his conjectures.

The subject immediately drew forth every proof he could wish; for Wilhelmina not only coloured suspiciously, but Augustus, with more haste than wit, exclaimed, "I thought it would come out;—but I did not tell, though you deserved it."

"What! did Miss Carter feign the ghost?" uttered several voices.

The

The fact was beyond her power to deny,—Mary was the only person who did not enjoy her confusion; she arose from her seat with dignity and condescension so sweetly blended, that the awe the one inspired, subsided in the assurance the other gave of gentle clemency;—drawing Miss Carter aside, she intreated her, with friendly earnestness, to resign such practices, which could only (as in the present instance) end in her own disgrace;—Mary spoke so far in a very low voice, but added, aloud, “Miss Carter had made sufficient apologies for her joke, therefore, she hoped the company would have the goodness to drop the subject.”

The request was instantly complied with; but Wilhelmina remained gloomy, and irresolute whether to depart or sit still; she staid however,

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with her parents till the usual hour of retiring, but in her way home, she did not find them so considerate as she had found Mrs. Hadleigh;—her father called her mean spirited, for being a snake in the grass; “It degraded her breeding and expectations.”

“Indeed Wilhelmina,” said Mrs. Carter, “I can hardly excuse you; such delicate spirits as you see in your own family, should have deterred you from alarming others; but youthful vivacity delights in *innocent frolicks*.”

Wilhelmina was too sulky to answer, and Augustus observed a profound silence, lest he should be brought into a further dilemma.

Mary was in general thought too lenient to Miss Carter,—most of the
gen-

gentlemen execrated her, saying, "she deserved to be banished to some house, supposed to be haunted, and there remain till her own fears were the death of her."

Miss Conway said, "that would be inhuman—but she would have her compelled to walk in Kensington Gardens in the same dress she had exhibited in the shrubbery; though to be capable of offending Mrs. Hadleigh, appeared to Jemima Conway, inconsistent with every admiring sentiment, which captivating good humour inspires, and virtue exalts to the most lively esteem;—such were the emotions Jemima felt in Mary's favour, and the vivacity of her actions quickly betrayed her thoughts with peculiar energy.

THE CONVERT.

Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield remained three days at Hampton, and Constance, delighted by her husband's condescension, with unvaried cheerfulness accompanied him to London; but he left her in the evening of their return to Portman Square, to shew himself to the world.

She took up a favourite author, as the only conversation worthy to succeed that she had quitted; but she rambled from the subject before her, to thoughts which seemed more particularly to demand her attention.

In her husband's passion for variety, she had only till that moment lamented the loss of his company, but

but the further consequences of dissipation then seemed at once open to her view.

She knew his circumstances, though splendid, were unequal to the immense sums she judged he expended; and she feared also, his health would suffer from his constant innovations on the hours appointed for rest. How to remedy the latter evil she was at a loss, but the former she resolved to lessen, by a retrenchment in her own expences. She felt inclined to try the force of gentle reasoning, for though she held it a point of duty to screen his faults from the world, and love palliated them to herself, yet might it not argue insensibility to be totally passive? Therefore, the first opportunity, Constance mildly and briefly

expatiated to Mansfield, on the advantages of prudence, in the most exalted spheres.

With a singular judgment, she so effectually mingled remonstrances and affection, that Mansfield could not interrupt "the voice of the charmer." The honeyed accents of his Constance took an immediate course to his heart, and roused all the tenderness that had seemed dormant.

The truths she uttered illumined her eyes, and the charms of her mind and person reproved him more than her words.

"A second time, Constance," said he, "behold me penitent;—you have taught me to prize possession more than expectation.—I see felicity, independent of your love and approbation, is a vain shadow—

I will

I will cease to pursue it, and am, more than ever, your own.—To shew you I am in earnest, we will settle in the country, near your brother, whose example will be of service to me, and his wife's society a happiness to you."

Constance, by a shower of tears, expressed her rapture.—She then suffered tears to relieve her heart, though, as symptoms of sorrow, she had forborne to shed any.

She wrote to Mary their intention of speedily visiting the rectory, in order to seek a residence, and become their neighbours ; which pleasing information (and as unexpected as pleasing) Mary received, the day of her departure from Godfrey-hall.

THE FAREWELL.

Mrs. Mansfield's letter opportunely revived Mary, on quitting her father's house. Mrs. Maddel offered to accompany her, but she resisted the maternal proposition in favour of her father—neither would she, at that time, deprive him of little Betsey, with whom she knew he was frequently diverted.

Her own maid was the only one of the family fixed on to attend her; the rest of the domestics were inconsolable.

When the carriage drove to the door, Matthew declared he could not say it was ready, and even flew from the view of it, though he could not fly from his own sorrow.

Mrs. Maddel struggled to support herself, that she might the better comfort Mr. Godfrey and her dear girl, who sprung alternately from one to the other, beseeching a continuance of their love, and their prayers that she might ever deserve it.

Mr. Godfrey strained her to his bosom, unable to speak—when utterance was granted, he gave her to Hadleigh, bidding them be virtuous and happy, and promised to visit them shortly.

The composure her father assumed, gave Mary resolution to bid him tenderly farewell, and Hadleigh led her to the carriage, drowned in tears. He hoped soon to wipe them away, though he expected her grief to be in proportion to a love so truly filial, for which he honoured her, and

justly drew from it the most transporting conclusions — for well he knew, that the heart that required a parent's tenderness, was best qualified to do justice to a husband's.

But Mary did not long remain insensible to Hadleigh's studious kindness — interesting converse beguiled her sorrow—and, as it were, shortened the journey, which they were a day and a half performing, and then arrived at G——, in G——shire.

They found the rectory an ancient, but large and commodious building.

The late incumbent had furnished it in a convenient and elegant style; and the furniture, if approved, was to be purchased on the premises, which Hadleigh and his wife looked on as an agreeable circumstance.

Mary was also pleased with the situation, as being both romantic and chearful, abounding with beautiful prospects, which promised delightful scope for her pencil.

Mary was particularly happy in her views from nature. Her parental instructor made her disdain to copy from any but the Grand Delineator of the Universe ;—nor would he suffer her to follow creative fancy, which, he said, where there was any genius, was too boundless to assist in forming a just taste.

THE FAIR VISITOR.

Mary wrote to her father the hour after her arrival, and conveyed to him such sentiments as confirmed

the resignation with which he already bore her absence.

The hours she had been accustomed to charm his soul with melody, he devoted to anticipating future comforts, when a lovely offspring might multiply his Mary's virtues, and bless his declining years.

Those hours she was wont to ride with him on horseback, he dedicated to visiting the favourite objects of his benevolence.

At other times, he instructed her little charge, as an act he knew would be highly grateful to her; and Betsey amply requited his pains, by prattling on his beloved theme in artless, affectionate strains.

When he conversed with Mrs. Maddel, indifferent subjects imperceptibly led to the first object of their mutual thoughts—so that if

Mary

Mary was corporeally absent from Godfrey-hall, a full and perfect idea of her was ever present.

Matthew laid a plate for her three days successively, after her departure, and broke two of them in his grief, at recollecting she was not there.

The neighbours, particularly Mr. and Mrs. Conway, made a point of paying Mr. Godfrey every attention the alteration in his family seemed to demand.

Miss Conway accompanied her relations in their visits—Mr. Godfrey and Mrs. Maddel thought they perceived a great similarity in her disposition to Mary's;—so much were they pleased with Jemima, that they requested Mrs. Conway to spare her to them for a few weeks, if such a change would be agreeable to herself. It could not be otherwise to one so ambitious

ambitious of improvement—she was perfectly aware that the elegant sense and experience of her new friends would expand her ideas—nor feared any morose austerity that might check the gaiety of her heart—on the other hand, her company was considered as a valuable acquisition at Godfrey-hall.

Mr. Godfrey sometimes questioned her relative to her family, from motives to serve it, if in his power.

She said, she had one brother with an attorney, and designed to follow the law, if her father could accomplish the intention; — two younger brothers at school—and two sisters, still younger, at home with her mother, who was doing her best to make them as good as Jemima.

“ If

“ If she fucceeded,” Mr. Godfrey kindly faid, “ any parent might be fatisfied.”

Jemima blufhed, for having, as it were, extorted a compliment, and diffidently replied, “ her mother was fo good herfelf, fhe was intitled to all the encomiums her children met with.”

Mr. Godfrey and Mrs. Maddel could eafily conceive the worth of a woman, whose fole care had formed fo amiable a girl, and they felt defirous of being introduced to the family.

The gifts of fortune were ever looked on by Mr. Godfrey in an inferior light.

“ Pomp and equipage,” he faid, “ might fignify riches, but did not ftamp merit.”

Souls, glowing with innate virtue—contented with a bare sufficiency—were the unfailing magnets for his esteem.

AMBITION.

Mary was *literally* married and settled in the country.—In her nineteenth year she rejected the charms of fashion—the gay privileges of affluence, to become a parson's wife—to be doomed to a constant residence in the parsonage-house, which, though adorned with every advantage a good benefice and independent fortune could bestow, would have been called, by a fine lady, a gloomy mansion, little better than the tombs its windows overlooked.

But Mary arranged her household with far other thoughts—yet was she

she no stranger to *ambition*;—her heart glowingly aspired to be the shepherdess of her husband's flock—to second the truths in the cottage, he advanced in the pulpit.

Both Hadleigh and herself illustrated their theory by practice, and shortly gained the hearts of the parishioners.

They were fortunate in the society G——— afforded—for, excepting one sporting 'squire, too much addicted to his bottle—and a couple, given to wrangling in company, and fighting when alone, their neighbours were worthy, pleasant folks.

G——— being rather extensive, it raised an assembly, and, sometimes concerts, so that the new married pair were not totally secluded from diversions, though they had ever those resources in themselves,
which

which give charms to retirement and make each hour fleeting.

Hadleigh's disposition was peculiarly suited to a tranquil, domestic life—indeed, a native seriousness had determined him in his profession.

No sordid lucre could have tempted him to the gown, whose *inheritance*, of itself, was sufficient to gratify every wish.

His wife's conduct and tenderness, and the esteem she universally attracted, indelibly marked that her "price was far above rubies."

His living and parishioners were all he could expect.

Hearing from Godfrey-hall, Mary considered as one of her first pleasures;—she rejoiced to hear her father and Mrs. Maddel were enlivened by Miss Conway's company:—she never failed to remind them of
their

their promise to visit G——, and hoped, as summer advanced, to see them.

Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield she expected daily ; and, to confirm the prospect of their fixing near her, a commodious house was to be vacated the next quarter-day, which seemed as if it would exactly suit them—but, knowing they had promised to re-visit Mountain-grove, the Hadleighs did not suppose they would settle in G—— shire, till their return from thence:

In the interim, Mary's time was very agreeably planned—hoping to see her father, Mrs. Maddel, and Mr. and Mrs. Mordant—to have their valued approbation of her conduct as a wife, and to communicate the happiness she experienced in that character.

THE GRANDMOTHER.

Betsey Jenkins being safe at Godfrey-hall, and very frequently in the thoughts of her amiable patroness, it once more appeared eligible to announce her existence to her mother's parents.

Wherefore Mary wrote, according to the address Jenkins had given her, signifying she had a child under her protection, whose near affinity claimed their affection.

In a less time than she expected an answer, she was informed an elderly gentlewoman requested to speak with her.

The rude hand of care seemed to have furrowed a countenance naturally

turally placid—and lingering sickness to have emaciated the person, who said her name was Davison, and she was come to behold the only remains of her lost child.

Mary felt all the impending disappointment, when she informed her that Betsey was at Hampton—but, in the same instant, proposed sending for the child—entreating Mrs. Davison's company whilst her woman took the journey.

“ Since you are so good, Madam,” said Mrs. Davison, I will accept your kind offer—my strength is unequal to any further fatigue, for I am much exhausted, and not able to speak my gratitude for your preservation of my grandchild—I can only tell you that the charitable deed will be the means of softening my dying moments, which have been hastened

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ed by the uncertainty of my daughter's fate ;—your letter," she added, " was the first news I heard of her death—and, though it is agony to say I rejoiced in such an event, it cannot be surprizing, when I knew death or wandering, the partner of a wretched vagrant, must be her doom—for my husband remained implacable towards herself, though, thank God, his wrath does not extend to her child, which he is anxious to see as I am, and equally thankful to you."

Mary disclaimed all thanks, saying, her rewards were superior to her deserts—nevertheless Mrs. Davison could not avoid conceiving exalted ideas of one who had so beneficially relieved her daughter, and cherished the infant.

Mary's

Mary's readiness to dispatch a messenger to Hampton, and exertions to make Mrs. Davison comfortable in the mean time, all tended to confirm the benignity of her character.

In short, three days rest from the fatigue of her journey, and the consolatory conversation of Mr. and Mrs. Hadleigh, rendered the good woman better prepared than at first, for the joy of beholding her grandchild.

The meeting was a scene only those can conceive, whose only child has repaid their indulgence by forsaking their roof, and met a severe, but not unjust punishment, in a life shortened by misery, and ended in afflicting penitence.

Those who view the offspring of such a child, humanely protected from want and vice, may judge of
Mrs.

Mrs. Davison's feelings, when she folded Betsey in her arms.

Those capable of associating with grief and preserving innocence, may partake of Mary's compensating emotions, enjoying a full conviction that the gratifications of well doing, as far exceed those of the sensualist and selfish, as the extensive hope of blissful eternity triumphs over the shallow limited possession of temporal joys.

WHAT YOU WILL.

Mary was happy to find Mrs. Davison had no wish to withdraw Betsey from her care,

Mrs. Davison possessed a superior understanding, that had not been ill cultivated ;—it was therefore very clear

clear to her, that her grandchild must materially suffer by any change of situation ; the attentions bestowed on her were so coveted by the high born and affluent, and above all by the virtuous.

Mrs. Davison only requested the child might be spared her for a short time, to win her grandfather's love, who was both willing and able to provide for her in a manner somewhat suitable to her education. A request so reasonable, Mary cheerfully acquiesced in.

“ Betsey said she had rather her grandmother stayed there ;” yet accompanied her willingly, because she loved every body who kissed her and spoke kind words.

Mary was at length perfectly easy on a subject that had some time dwelt on her mind.

Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield arrived the day after Mrs. Davison's departure, and received a joyful welcome from Hadleigh and Mary.

Constance evinced a flow of spirits that unequivocally betokened she was happy ;—indeed, in her life, she had never been more so.

When Mansfield first addressed her, she believed him sincere, and formed pleasing anticipations ; but those he interrupted—yet left her more concerned that he should act unworthy, than at her own sufferings.

Again was he re-instated in her good opinion, but experience made her apprehensive.

Not till she became his wife were those *apprehensions* realized, when his conduct must assuredly be the source of her *sweets* and *bitters* ;—alas !
the

the *bitters* sickened on her palate, but like many nauseous potions, operated favourably :—they drew from her effective remonstrance, and, Mansfield became the husband that the heart formed for conjugal felicity must rejoice in.

These points comparatively and ultimately considered, pronounced Constance the happy creature she had hoped (but hardly expected) to be, and qualified her to partake unalloyed, the tranquil joys of G—— Rectory, where social spirited converse portrayed unreserved genius; well-ordered plenty adorned the board, and where religion was not dismayed by the politest guests.

For arrayed in her most lovely garb, she was gracefully supported by the elegant forms of Hadleigh, E 2

and his Mary, each dispensing her enlightening rays as a duty according with their stations and with their HEARTS.

THE HARPSICHORD.

Miss Conway continued at Godfrey Hall, and was considered as a pleasing, though none could be a perfect, substitute for its late mistress.

Jemima's disposition bore a resemblance to Mary's, but those elegancies of education, in which Mr. Godfrey had instructed his daughter, Mr. Arthur Conway had not leisure (had he had abilities) to bestow on his; and his circumstances would not admit of affording masters; so that, except dancing, (which every
I petty

petty tradesman thinks requisite for his children) Jemima could only boast of a grammatical knowledge of her own language, and all the mysteries of the needle, for in those her mother could well instruct her; but at Godfrey-Hall, where her time was wholly her own, and a tempting harpsichord continually in her view—her genius, naturally soaring, expanded its wings, and with a little of Mr. Godfrey's instruction, she shortly attained an insight into music, that experienced practitioners might aspire to.

Jemima wrote exultingly to her mother of this new acquisition.

Mrs. Conway answered, "that she rejoiced to find her dear girl active in improving, but reminded her the useful, not the ornamental, should

be her grand aim ;” adding, “ that the want of an instrument to practice on, when she returned home, would be amongst the deficiencies already to be apprehended under her own roof, contrasted with her cousins or Godfrey Hall.”

Jemima's heart was ever open to her mother's better reason, though it was her nature to enjoy the present moment, as innocent sportfulness dictated, without foreseeing future disquiets, and adverting only to past comforts.

Jemima had always been very well satisfied at home, where if she succeeded in her attempts to lessen domestic cares, and her own ingenuity could execute those parts of dress others purchased at a dear rate, she desired no more.

If she could not frequent the theatres, a perusal of the best dramatic authors was attainable, and a lively imagination gave animation and action to the characters.

Her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Conway, once took her to the Opera, where she thought herself in Elysium, but she only remembered its delights, to enjoy the idea of what she had seen, without sighing for a future representation; from whence she concluded, when she returned from Hampton to Blackfriars-Road, a charming retrospective would increase the pleasure her own family ever afforded, and give a fillip to conversation.

Relinquishing the Harpsichord seemed inevitable; however, Jemima consoled herself, if she could attain one, it might interfere with more

SO THE PARSON'S WIFE.

material occupations, by engrossing too much of her attention ; yet she did not regret having tried her skill, for the trial had produced Mr. Godfrey's instructions. Jemima was an instance that friendly attentions, from the worthy and judicious, so far from injuring proper humility, infuse certain particles of self approbation, which are requisite to give a spirit to our actions, and inspire emulation.

Mr. Godfrey thinking their young friend would like to see her parents, and hoping to detain her as his guest, some time longer, proposed that Mrs. Maddel and she, should make them a visit,—a motion highly grateful to Jemima.

PRUDENCE

PRUDENCE AND CONTENT.

Jemima knew her mother too well to imagine the appearance of Mr. Godfrey's carriage would create any bustle.

To be clean and neat in the plain garb suited to their circumstances, from the time she rose, till she retired to rest, was an invariable rule with Mrs. Conway, respecting herself and children; and her house, though but just large enough to hold their own family, always bore the same marks of good housewifery and decorum.

She was found at work with her two young daughters, by Mrs. Mad-
del and Jemima, who, after affec-

tionate embraces, introduced her kind friend.

Mrs. Conway received Mrs. Madel as one whose attentions to her daughter demanded gratitude, and whose appearance impelled respect.

She said, "she should also have been very happy to see Mr. Godfrey."

"And Mr. Godfrey wishes, madam, to see you," said Jemima; "he has conceived a few odd notions of your prudence, and good sense, which he thinks a personal acquaintance with you will confirm; therefore I have brought you an invitation to Godfrey Hall, and one for my father also, whom I am impatient to behold."

Mrs. Conway said, "she was infinitely obliged to Mr. Godfrey, as her husband would be, whom she expected to dinner."

Mrs.

Mrs. Maddel, in a short time, was prepared to be as well pleased with Mr. Conway, as with the rest of the family, for the hours preceding dinner were passed in the most friendly unreserve.

Mrs. Conway told Mrs. Maddel "that her husband was the youngest of three brothers, and procured his present post with the dividend of his father's effects; he might, (she said) have married more advantageously, but her disposition suited his taste, and though she had no fortune, they were united; but she endeavoured to atone for such a deficiency, by conforming to his idea of educating their children as decently as they could at a small expence, and by economical management, to save as much as possible out of three hundred pounds a year. That they hop-

ed to see their sons in a line not only to do for themselves, but able to increase the little it would be in their power to leave their girls."

Mrs. Maddel highly commended a plan so prudently digested, and thought, though she did not say so, that in Mr. Godfrey they would find a friend both willing and able to assist in the advancement of their children.

Mr. Conway arrived, as expected, to dinner, and testified great pleasure in finding such guests. Mrs. Maddel perceived that Jemima, in her gaiety, most resembled her father, whose chearful welcome continued the freedom his wife's ingenuous, easy manner had before inspired.

He declared, that when a friend partook of his joint of meat, mutton seemed venison, and Mrs. Conway's puddings

puddings more than usually excellent.

When he found his daughter was only come to pass the day, he said, laughing, “ she would, he supposed, soon leave her name at the door ; but seriously assured her the distinctions she met with at Hampton, were flattering encomiums on her, and he willingly resigned his right and pleasure in her company, for the advantage she derived.”

Mrs. Maddel reminded the worthy couple of Mr. Godfrey’s desire to see them ; but Mr. Conway excused himself, being constantly engaged in London, and Mrs. Conway did not give them much reason to expect her at Hampton, though she said, “ she should be very happy to pay her respects there.”

GENEROSITY.

Mr. Godfrey was highly pleased with Mrs. Maddel's account of Je-
mima's family, and determined, the
first time he went to London, to be-
come personally acquainted with it.

About a fortnight after this reso-
lution, he fulfilled an engagement
himself and family were under, to pass
a week in Pall Mall, from whence
he and Mrs. Maddel were to accom-
pany Mr. and Mrs. Mordant in a
visit to G—— Rectory. The Mans-
fields, who were returned from
thence, and were arranging their
affairs, preparatory to going to
Wales, and afterwards settling in
G——shire, gave them a charming
picture

picture of Mary's happiness, and they felt eager to witness it.

Mr. Godfrey thought if Mr. and Mrs. Conway would spare their daughter, she would be a lively addition to their party, but he did not mention the scheme to Jemima, lest they should not be inclined to part from her for the occasion; but she soon had the satisfaction to hear from her mother's lips, that her company was requested, and permission granted for her to go into G——shire.

She said “ to see Mrs. Hadleigh, and to hear the sweet tones of her voice, was worth a pilgrimage bare foot; but to obtain such enjoyments by the accommodation of a post-coach and four, and in the company of her valued friends, was more delightful than she could express.” She

wrote

wrote to her cousins the happiness that awaited her, who, in return, charged her with abundance of compliments for Mr. and Mrs. Hadleigh, and a promise to visit the Rectory themselves, when Mrs. Conway was in a situation for travelling.

It has been expressed that Mr. Godfrey's interview with Jemima's parents gained him his point of taking her to visit Mary.

Was it in nature to refuse the request of one, who introduced himself to strangers as if he had known and esteemed them for years?

Upon their expressing some fears, lest their daughter's continued association with ease and affluence should unfit her for home,—Mr. Godfrey did away such apprehensions, by saying, “with their approbation,
his

his house should be her home, till an offer, every way eligible, demanded her for a husband's roof ;" adding, " their cousin Conway and himself had mutually agreed, that her own deficiency in point of marrying well, should not be against her, when the agreeable settling of so good a girl was in question."

The eldest son Mr. Godfrey also undertook to advance in his profession, whose appearance bore credentials of the amiable character given of him.

Favours so unexpectedly heaped, only to be repaid by words, were demands on expression hardly to be answered.

Mr. Godfrey saw the good folks struggling for utterance, and made his escape from the only inconvenience attending on good acts.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

The arrival of the beloved party at the Rectory, convinced Hadleigh and Mary they had not attained the pinnacle of happiness till that hour.

Mr. Godfrey in viewing his daughter a princess, could not have known a greater triumph than her situation at G—— afforded him, which her exemplary conduct exalted.

To their parishioners, Hadleigh and herself were sovereigns enthroned by love and admiration.

The parents of persons so considered, were received with shouts of acclamations, and ringing of bells by the inferior class, and by the superior,

perior, with every mark of respect ; entertainments, both public and private, were given on the occasion.

“ This is all for us,” exclaimed Jemima, and compared herself to the fly on the chariot wheel.

Mary repeatedly assured her, “ she was charmed to see her ;” upon which, she assumed a saucy consequence, saying, “ she should be as vain as she was giddy.”

Indeed Jemima did justice to the delights of G——, by fully enjoying them.

The beaux of the place flocked round her ; she smiled indifferently on all : but one day, after a stroll, she gravely confessed, “ she had formed an attachment, and if it is a weakness,” added she, sighing, “ I must rely on the generosity of my friends, to pity, more than condemn ; yet
sure

sure such gentle looks were made not to deceive."

"The attachment is sudden (said Mary) but pray tell us the particulars of it;" Mary saw a latent meaning in the archness of her eye; but Mrs. Maddel was deeply engaged at her work, though she seemed to listen attentively: — Jemima proceeded: —

"After traversing one mead, I took it into my head the next was pleasanter, and making the five bars of the gate subservient to my desire, I was so engagingly accosted, that the impulse to attend was irresistible; and every minute I was more and more convinced I had gained a sincere admirer."

"Hush, my dear," said Mrs. Maddel, lifting her eyes from her work,

work, “how can you judge in so short a time?”

“O madam (she replied) call me not too hasty,—my new admirer is beautiful, of bewitching manners, and gentle as a—*lamb*.”

Even a lamb which Mary had brought up a favourite, and so accustomed to caresses, that it expected them from every body.

Mrs. Maddel smiled, saying, “she did not believe she should ever have real cause to reprove her sprightly Jemima.”

“I hope not, (said Jemima) for lectures are unpleasant things;—I had one or two from my mother formerly, which first made me cry, and then made me sleepy;—now I never was a weeping beauty; on the contrary, tears horridly disfigure my face,

face, and sleeping is a state of inactivity I hate to feel symptoms of; therefore I resolved to be very good, and avoid such evils."

"And thou art (said Sir Charles Layton, as he entered the room) both good and charming."

Sir Charles was then passing a month at his estate in G——shire, and finding the Rector conversable, and his wife very handsome, he spent more of his time at the Rectory than at home.

The first moment he beheld Jemima, he thought her a fine girl, and further interviews convinced him her understanding was as brilliant as her exterior; but as he had entertained a like opinion of many others, such recommendations made him pleased to buzz about them, whilst his heart remained insensible

to any thing further. If the silly girls surrendered their's to declarations, which seemed preludes to the important one, he left them to congratulate themselves as soft, believing souls—triumphing in his resolution to remain free.

A lamentable instance, that coquetry, even more baleful than in females, too frequently disgraces the other sex.

THE LOVE-LORN SWAIN.

Jemima was one day rambling to see her fleecy admirer, when a young man, with folded arms, passing over a stile, without seeing her, though she had a full view of him, and he appeared to her handsome and genteel,

teel, though overwhelmed with melancholy.

So much did he interest her, that she followed him with her eyes till he outwalked her observation.

She could not recollect having seen him at the rectory, nor when she got home, did Mr. or Mrs. Hadleigh know the description—but one of the servants, being present, said it must be the young gentleman distressed in mind, who lodged at Farmer Mullins', as he passed most of his time in lonesome walks—the servant added, that the farmer's wife wanted him very much to have some of Mr. Hadleigh's comfortable talk; but he refused to see him, or any body else that he could possibly avoid.

This

This account increased Jemima's curiosity—a *curiosity* resulting from pity, not from impertinence.

She said, but not presumptuously, “ would it not be consistent with Mr. Hadleigh's character, now he knew there was a person of such a description in the neighbourhood, to offer the consolation he seemed to require ? ”

As she spoke, Hadleigh was reaching his hat for the purpose.

On calling at the farmer's, he was informed they had their lodger's strict injunctions not to admit to him any person whatever.

Mrs. Mullins lamented, with much prolixity, Mr. Arnold's melancholy turn, and said, “ she really wished he would leave them, for he could not be more miserable any where else ;—and, if he should

make away with himself, they might come into trouble, though innocent as the child unborn.—Sometimes,” added she, “ he talks to himself—and I am very glad when I hear that, because it is a sign he is alive, as the saying is—but, when all is still, I make excuses to pop into the room, when I find him as sorrowful, for all the world, as if he was thinking whether he should hang or drown himself—then I say, come, Sir, cheer up—if things are grievous now, they will be better another time—come amongst us a little—there’s good fun going on in the hay-field—and my husband is a mortal man for merry stories, if you’ll listen to him when he comes home of a night.”

Hadleigh shuddered that the stranger’s conduct should give suspicions

pitions of suicide:—and, as he was disappointed in seeing him, procured pen and ink to write the following lines :

“ SIR,

“ Pardon my intrusion.—As a stranger in my parish, you claim my attentions—and hearing you are afflicted, enforces them.

“ I seek not to dive into the cause of your melancholy—but, could I be the happy instrument of alleviating it, in any degree, I should esteem myself fortunate.

“ Then try, Sir, the effect of emerging from your solitude.

“ I have an amiable wife, equally devoted with myself to the service of our fellow-creatures—her voice

unites with mine in calling you to chearful society.

“ At least give us the chance of removing the weight that oppresses you.

“ Should we displease you in the trial, leave us to our disappointment.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your most obedient servant,

“ W. HADLEIGH.”

When Hadleigh returned home, Jemima asked if he had seen the stranger—what he had said—and would he come to the rectory?

“ Wherefore this eagerness,” said he; “ has the stranger rivalled the lamb?”

“ No;”

“No;” replied Jemima, blushing, “but a situation, an appearance, I mean, so truly woe-begone, did interest me.”

Hadleigh then mentioned how he had acted—and every one was impatient for the answer.

Jemima was particularly restless—so much so, that she incurred further raillery—but she felt no reason for disguising the sentiments, the transient view of a young man, walking across a meadow, had inspired—therefore was not laughed out of her humane inquisitiveness.

A FRIENDLY IMPULSE.

A few hours after Farmer Mullins was ushered in, who said he had *a bit of a note* for Mr. Hadleigh.

F 3

Hadleigh,

Hadleigh, as he perused it, looked seriously; Mary, astonished, took it from him, and read as follows :

“ SIR,

“ There is nothing in your conduct to pardon.

“ Your kindness speaks to my heart, and I know it flows from your's—I *know* also you have an *amiable wife*—but I cannot see either you or her.

“ The cause of my uneasiness will only end with my being.—Judge, Sir, how little it is in your power to afford relief, when I tell you I am

“ LEWISHAM.”

The instant Mary saw the name, she said she would visit him—she
urged

urged that she felt capable of influencing him to return to his father, and to change his present ideas.

The company feared she was too sanguine, except Hadleigh, who doubted not the force of her eloquence, and conducted her to the farmer's.

They begged Mr. Arnold, (as that was the name he went by) might be informed Mr. and Mrs. Hadleigh urgently requested to see him.

To Mrs. Hadleigh, Lewisham could not persist in a denial; and they entered his apartment.

To see a youth, who, a few months ago, was healthy and serene, have so sickly and almost wild appearance, shocked Mary excessively, yet rendered her more resolute in her purpose.

“ I am come, Mr. Lewisham,” said she, “ with my husband’s approbation, to beg you will rouse yourself from an imaginary grief—I will not affect an ignorance that you think me the cause—but, be convinced, had you been thwarted in any idea whatever, that awakened your mind from the dormant state I first saw it in, you would have felt the like effects—effects which might have been removed before they became painful, had you made a reasonable exertion—but it is not too late—go now, Sir, to your father, who, perhaps, is unacquainted with your situation—let one avocation succeed another, till you lose your present idea in a long chain of others. Trust me, reason will assist you when you give her a proper chance, and religion, best of all,

all, guide you in the way that you should go.

“Forgive my presumption; but, as the innocent cause of your disorder, I thought it my duty to offer a remedy; should it prove salutary, let me know, and you will be justly intitled to the friendship and approbation I must, at present, withhold.”

Here Mary ceased; but the generosity of her visit, and the truths she uttered, interrupted Lewisham's trance of misery.

“Yes;” replied he, “I *will* make an effort to deserve your friendship. If I succeed,” turning to Hadleigh, “may I not claim your's also?”

“It shall be sincerely your's,” replied Hadleigh, shaking him by the hand, “and, in the mean time, be assured of my best wishes for the

F 5 re-establish-

re-establishment of your health and spirits."

They left Lewisham to more pleasant reflections than he had some time enjoyed.—The next day he set off to his father, to whom he had given reason to suppose he was on a visit to a distant friend—but, when he confessed he had been at G——, for the culpable purpose of being near Mrs. Hadleigh, Mr. Lewisham would have expressed the highest disapprobation, had not his son prevented him, by acknowledging the error, and begging his assistance towards repairing it.

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

Lewisham had been, as it were, enchanted into love, by the lustre of

Mary's eye, the bloom of her cheek, and the exquisite graces of her virtuous manners—a combination of charms haunted his imagination, and engrossed every faculty.

The fascinating idea seemed more essential to his being than sleep or aliment—though his wan looks betrayed it had not been equally nourishing.

Such *had* been the sources of this romantic passion—but now the impression of the same object was different—his mind represented her the wife of a man every way deserving of her.

Her voice, still vibrating on his ear, forbid him to sully the purity of her happiness, by causing her to believe she gave pain to a fellow-creature. It stimulated him to deserve her offered friendship, and not,

by a weak and blameable way of thinking, give rise alone to contemning pity.

His actions were consistent with his reasoning—amusing studies—the degree of exercise which invigorates the mind without fatiguing the body, and agreeable society, removed gradually the lassitude which intense reflection on one subject occasions—and Lewisham, to the advantages of an engaging person, became animated and sensible.

This change was totally effected, to the joy of his father, and astonishment of every acquaintance, in less than six weeks after his return home.

Respect, gratitude, and earnestness to claim the promised reward, led him to inform Mr. and Mrs. Hadleigh of the alteration their benignity

nignity had wrought; he therefore wrote to the former.

When Hadleigh had received the letter and read it, he put it into his wife's hand, saying, such is the result of the sudden impulse which led you to visit Lewisham. If instantaneous resolutions were ever as successful, mature deliberation, and weighty reasoning might be abolished.

Mary perused what gave rise to such an exclamation, and equally congratulated herself on the success of her endeavours.

Jemima also rejoiced in the news, who had began to think they should quit the rectory without hearing any thing further of the despairing youth.

She observed it was a pity good sense and worth should ever be overclouded,

clouded, and Mr. Lewisham seemed, latently, to possess both.

Mr. Godfrey coincided in her opinion, and Mary smiled, saying, Jemima drew conclusions, which did justice to her own discernment, and Mr. Lewisham's merit.

“ Shall I tell you, my dear Mrs. Hadleigh,” said Jemima, “ exactly, how I have been interested by the young man in question ?”

“ By all means.”

“ When I first saw him then, being handsome, he attracted my eyes ; looking sorrowful, demanded compassion—when I heard the source of his affliction, my pity increased, because I could not but condemn—but now he has become worthy of approbation, I cannot withhold mine, and I hope he will meet with it from persons

sions of more consequence, as due encouragement.

“Admirably defined, my dear,” returned Mary; “I am perfectly satisfied.”

Hadleigh declared he should always esteem Lewisham, for he had demonstrated a brilliant taste in his passion, and great resolution in renouncing it—therefore his letter should be answered in the most friendly terms.

Just after this satisfactory event respecting Lewisham, Mr. and Mrs. Mordant quitted the rectory—but Mary had no difficult matter to prevail on her father and Mrs. Maddel to prolong their stay—Jemima stayed, of course, at long as they did.

Betsey Jenkins returned from her grandfather's, with numberless tokens of affection to herself, and presents

sents for Mr. Hadleigh, which tho' neither curious or rare, were proofs of respect :—To Mary,

“ Nought could ever be amiss,

“ By simpleness and duty tendered.”

RURAL CONSTANCY.

Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield again appeared at G—, in their way to Mountain Grove ; they entirely settled the business of taking the house, in the neighbourhood of the Rectory, and left servants in it ready to receive them, on their return from Wales.

Mary sent assurances of respect and affection to Sir Robert and Mrs. Elizabeth, and some proofs of her remembrance to Sally Lewen, which
com-

commissions, Constance punctually executed.

“Aye,” says Sir Robert, “I saw where Hadleigh cast his left eye;—I thought my little fairy would be snatched up, and not be suffered to revel here again!—but I shall be heartily glad to see her with her husband, when they can make the excursion.”

“Your brother must be very happy said Mrs. Elizabeth in having so sweet a creature for his spouse; and he would be happier still if he knew all the good dreams I have, concerning her.”

“I am sure, madam,” returned Constance, “my brother would partake in any satisfaction you experience.”

The

The good lady accompanied her niece to visit Sally Lewen, whom they found weeping over her father.

Lewen seemed, indeed, very near his end, and in less than a week afterwards, left his daughter in need of all the consolation a consciousness of having strictly performed her duty afforded; though fully persuaded his eyes were opened in realms of endless light.

The same tenderness from whence sprung her truly filial attentions during his life, caused her to mourn his death.

Mrs. Mansfield assisted in recovering her spirits, but only assisted for a neighbouring youth, who had loved her from childhood, and would have married her before, but no offers could disengage her from her father: it was consistent with David's constancy to wait her time,
and

and when her grief was somewhat subsided, so far assured himself of her disposition to requite him, that Mrs. Elizabeth foretold, without any miraculous warnings, that the house of sorrow would soon be turned into the house of joy.

Such was the news of Sally Lewen, that Constance imparted to the Rectory; and Mary sincerely wished the worthy girl might find the comfort she deserved.

Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield were soon established in their new house, which being nearly central between London and Mountain Grove, and within one mile of the Hadleighs, had every perfection of situation they could desire.

Not one sigh issued from Mansfield for the pleasures (which he had made toils) of the metropolis.

His

His wife became every day more charming, because he had leisure to study the excellencies, which, till then, he had only scanned.

Mr. Godfrey, Mrs. Maddel, and Jemima, left the Mansfields to console Mary for their departure, and set forward on their return to London;—but Mrs. Maddel promised to revisit her dear girl on the approach of a certain event, that was anticipated by Hadleigh with mingled fear and rapture.

Jemima did not fail to take leave of the petted lamb, on which she dropped a tributary tear to the delights of G——.

She cast a look too at the stile that had bounded her view of Lewisham, and said in a low voice, “*he is now happy,*”

CHARITY.

As the travelling party were passing through a village, within fifty miles of London, Mr. Godfrey espied Jenkins miserably emaciated, accompanied by a masculine woman, dirty and tattered, who held a basket of gingerbread in one arm, supporting him with the other.

Mr. Godfrey stopped the carriage. "Ah! Sir, (said Jenkins) if you have a grain of charity remaining for one who has so miserably abused it, release me from this woman."

"The gentleman looks too good, (said the woman) to part man and wife."

"I am not her husband (answered Jenkins) I only sheltered my head
in

in her wretched hut, and because I can no longer pay my lodging, she drags me about as her sick husband, giving me stripes and abuse if I contradict it."

Mr. Godfrey did not doubt, from the woman's appearance, but what Jenkins said might be true; and the termagant knowing her cause, was a bad one, took herself off, that it might not be examined.

Mr. Godfrey desired Matthew, whose arm was already extended for the purpose, to lead Jenkins to an inn;—himself and the ladies followed.

"I hope, Jenkins," said he, (when they were in the house) "you are truly penitent."

Jenkins replied, "I am, indeed, Sir; and were I ever to get well, I think I should see my misdemeanors in
in

in the same light I now do ; but it is a sure thing, I can never recover.

“ Though I appeared, and thought myself well, when I left Godfrey Hall, I soon found lurking remains of my complaints.

“ I continued with the shew folks in constant exercise of lungs and body, till I could stay no longer ; so I betook myself to my old dependence on my fiddle, but I have been this week past, too bad to play, and expected to die under the ill usage of that woman ;—but I hope now your honour, for the sake of your own righteous character, will afford me relief to die somewhere in peace.”

Jenkins groaned pitiably as he spoke, and really seemed to be reduced by a deep decline, to the verge of the grave.

“ Make

“ Make yourself easy, (said Mr. Godfrey) you have a child whose innocence pleads forcibly for your errors ; and may you find that mercy with a higher Power, it is my duty, as a Christian, to shew you ;— you are not in a state to remove, but I will provide you comfortable lodgings here, and proper attendance.”

Jenkins began to thank him.—
 “ No ! (said he) reserve all your gratitude for heaven ;—shew it in prayers and deep contrition.”

Matthew's eyes glistened at his master's discourse ;—“ Sir,” said he, (Mr. Godfrey was all attention) “ will you permit me to remain with Jenkins, to close his eyes, if he is to be called hence, or if he recovers, to remind him of your goodness ?”

Mr. Godfrey assented,—admiring Matthew's true charity;—a *charity*, he might not possess, though he were master of thousands, and bestowed all his goods to feed the poor.

If Mr. Godfrey resembled the good Samaritan, Matthew also proved himself a real neighbour.

A PROPOSED REMOVAL.

Mr. Godfrey found, on his arrival in Pall Mall, that Mr. Lewisham, accompanied by his son, had called there to see him, being come to pass a few weeks in London.

“Now,” said Mrs. Maddel, “we shall judge if the young man is perfectly recovered from his delusion.”

Mr. Godfrey returned the visit, and invited the Lewishams to Hampton ; for he designed staying no longer in London, than while Jemima passed two days with her parents, to whom she had related every thing that had charmed her at G—— rectory ; and left them of opinion, that Mrs. Hadleigh inherited all her father's virtues.

Mr. Godfrey, on his return to Godfrey Hall, discovered *that*, and every situation, must be deficient in point of comfort, if unadorned by his beloved daughter.

He had no ties to bind him to Hampton equal to the magnet which attracted him to G—— ; he had observed his Mary pointed out the beauties of G——shire, with peculiar emphasis ;—he knew his re-

moval

moval to that country would delight her;—then wherefore should he resist the tender impulse?

“Why, indeed, (said Mrs. Maddel) when your heart is with your treasure, should yourself remain at such a distance?”

Jemima, who had been taught to consider herself as one of the family, much as she loved Mrs. Hadleigh, did not rejoice when she heard Godfrey Hall was to be advertised, and if she continued with Mr. Godfrey and Mrs. Maddel, she must remove many miles distant from her parents.

Her friends read her thoughts on the occasion, in the seriousness of her countenance, and considerately said, “if, after consulting her parents, she could not reconcile herself to quitting them, she should

not find their friendship diminish by absence."

Mr. and Mrs. Conway, who were really fond of their cousin Jemima, and whose house had been her second home, prudently advised her not to flight the protection of Mr. Godfrey and Mrs. Maddel; for if her relations and herself had prayed for that situation most likely to improve her in every virtuous and desirable quality, they could not have been blest with one more answerable, than such as she then enjoyed, experiencing the advice flowing from esteem of two persons, whose united care had formed one of the most amiable, as well as the most elegant of women.

These were truths Jemima was aware of, but very justly resolved to be guided by her parents.

The

The Carter family, which never omitted any ceremonial visits, appeared to welcome the return of the family to Godfrey Hall, and wore the semblance of friendship in enquiring after Mr. and Mrs. Hadleigh.

Jemima painted their happiness in such glowing terms, that Miss Carter sickened with envy.

Jemima expected such an event, and thought it an innocent gratification to torment her with sounds of felicity she had essayed to mar.

“Who is this Jemima?” said Mrs. Carter, as they were driving home.

“Lord, Mamma! (returned Wilhelmina) don’t you know?—she is a poor relation of Mr. Conway’s, bred in indigence and idleness; which Mr Godfrey (amongst other

unaccountable whims) chuses to encourage, by introducing the little plebeian to persons of *distinction*."

"It is well for him (said Mr. Carter) that he has nothing else to do with his money than to squander it on the needy; for my part, it requires such sums to support one's *rank*, that I find charity begins at home."

THE CAUTIOUS ADMIRER.

Mr. Godfrey was from home, and Mrs. Maddel otherwise engaged, when the two Mr. Lewishams were announced to Miss Conway, who could scarcely recognize the self-neglected, love-lorn youth, in the well dressed, animated Lewisham, which
then

then entered. She gracefully begged the gentlemen would be seated, and desired Mrs. Maddel might be informed of their arrival.

When Mrs. Maddel came into the room, after a polite welcome, she introduced Jemima, who had not wanted that ceremony to gain attention;—both father and son having eyed her with the admiration she seldom failed to attract.

Her appearance was innocently youthful, but by no means childish; a profusion of light brown hair without powder, confined by neither cap or hat, adorned a face, that a transparent complexion, fine eyes, and pearly teeth, rendered sufficiently charming.

Her dress, which was white muslin, devoid of trimming or ribbons, increased the delicacy of her form.

Nature gave the pointed symmetry to her waist, that too many by tight lacing labour to attain.

Such was Jemima's person; which united with her winning gaiety, convinced Lewisham that there were more charming women in the world than one;—yet he did not, at this first interview, suffer his eyes to gaze away his reason.

The affection that Mr. Godfrey and Mrs. Maddel demonstrated to Miss Conway, confirmed to Lewisham the virtue her manners indicated—but he argued thus :

“ She may be in the same predicament as Miss Godfrey,—when I first beheld her,—if not so, in her intimacy with the family, she may have heard of my recent weakness, and have despised me before she saw me.”

Mr.

Mr. Godfrey made a point of the Lewishams accepting beds — and they were nothing loth to remain where society and hospitality were so engaging.

Jemima ever evinced her respect for Mr. Godfrey, in particular attentions to his guests—but young Lewisham, fearful of splitting on the rock he had just escaped, half shut his ears to her syren voice, and averted his eyes from her intelligent face;—from whence Jemima concluded, though his cheerfulness seemed the result of a mind at ease, he was still too replete with the idea of Mrs. Hadleigh, to look with patience on any other female—Jemima therefore surveyed Lewisham with that indifference she thought he betrayed to her.

He certainly had so far interested her, that it was very much in his power to improve the favourable impression;—but, in most females, pride withholds *unsought* love. Jemima would have scorned herself, could she have sighed for distinctions which did not flow spontaneous; and saw Lewisham depart from Godfrey-hall, with far less emotion than she beheld him, as he crossed the meadow at G——, little supposing she would be the chief subject of his discourse, as he rode with his father to London; who introduced it, by observing that Miss Conway was a lovely girl.

“I never saw but one to equal her,” replied his son.

“Would you like to marry Charles?”

“No;

“ No, Sir ;—I have no thoughts of it :—I would not have Mrs. Hadleigh imagine I was obliged to have recourse to marriage to assist me in thinking of her with propriety ; neither will I again fix my affections till I know if the object is attainable.”

“ There is a delicacy in your idea, respecting Mrs. Hadleigh, that I admire—I also commend your wise resolutions—but I can tell you, my dear boy, Miss Conway is under no engagements ; for I heard Mr. Godfrey say, in the course of conversation, *when* she made a choice, he hoped it would be a very happy one ; so, suppose we pay another visit to Godfrey-hall before we go into the country ?

“ With all my heart,” replied Charles ; whose system flew before

his father's intelligence, as the chaff before the wind.

AN EXIT.

Matthew arrived at Godfrey-hall about a fortnight after his master.

The solemnity of his countenance proclaimed, before his voice, that he had performed the melancholy office, for which he remained with Jenkins.

“He is gone, Sir,” said Matthew, “to his long home; and I have the satisfaction to tell you he died like a Christian—blessing you and your’s, and his little girl, whom I had a main inclination to fetch to him; but I thought it would be sorrowing her innocent heart; and make my mistress

mistress uneasy, to know of his situation."

Mr. Godfrey agreed it was as well omitted; but said he hoped the dying man had every other comfort his case required.

Matthew replied, "for certain he had;—and, what was better, he was sensible of them, saying he was unworthy of such mercies."

Mr. Godfrey thanked Heaven he had been the providential means of rescuing Jenkins from the want and misery which might have precluded the proper thoughts he left the world with.

He informed his daughter of the event; and, in the same letter, of his intentions to reside near her; which gave her all the delight he anticipated.

As

As to the death of Jenkins, it was a so much happier one than she feared would have been his lot, that the news was attended with no other painful sensations than his conduct, in bringing on the indigence that seemed to have hastened it, occasioned:—for, in all human probability, had Jenkins waited for an establishment from Mr. Godfrey, instead of quitting Godfrey-hall in the manner he did, he would, according to his age and returning strength, have lived many years, in health and comfort.

Betsey was put into mourning—and desired never to talk of her father's carrying her away—as he would never do any thing wrong again—and was gone to a good place, as well as her mother.

“ It

"It may be a very fine place," said Betsey, "But I don't desire to go there, unless Mrs. Hadleigh goes with me."

Mary believed the child; but hoped they would both be spared, many years, to the blessings of this life.—She knew of what consequence she was to her Hadleigh, her father, and other friends—and they were to her, all that the height of tenderness and gratitude could make them.

These temporal attachments lifted up her heart in thankfulness, filling her with a divine enthusiasm, which made all joys here subservient to the great and ultimate end of fitting her for eternal bliss.

A glorious example for the affluent and happy, too often forgetting, in present felicity, the prospect of a more blessed inheritance.

FELICITY INTERRUPTED.

Mary and her neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield, were now fully employed in searching a residence for Mr. Godfrey—and he was informed of what he did not doubt, that, if they could not procure one, before Godfrey-hall was let, apartments, at the rectory, were ever at his command.

Mary was thus happy in present comforts, and anticipating future, when Hadleigh caught a fever, through administering comfort to a parishioner, who died of it; and awakened his wife to the keenest sense of misery she had ever experienced.

She

She attended him indefatigably—yet used every precaution that necessity urged, to prevent infection to herself and family.

On her own account cautious, lest illness should disable her from watching over her husband—the only mitigation her grief admitted—and her domestics ever experienced a considerable share of her kindness.

If Hadleigh slumbered she was the first object he beheld when he awaked;—every medicine was administered by her hand, which he would press in tender thankfulness, and tell her he was better; though the most alarming symptoms betrayed the contrary.

But shortly a delirium rendered him insensible to her care—and when she was nearer to him than any one,
he

he would wildly ask why she deserted him?

Mary was agonized—her friend Constance endeavoured to console her, and would have dispatched a messenger for Mr. Godfrey and Mrs. Maddel—but Mary charged her to leave them in ignorance of her grief, which would, if possible, be encreased by their participation.

She never raised her eyes from Hadleigh's face but to watch the physician, whilst he felt his pulse.

One day she followed Dr. R—— to the other end of the room. She meant to ask his *real* opinion of his patient; but her voice faltered, and, returning again to the bed-side, she inwardly prayed for fortitude, to wait, with proper resignation, the decree of Heaven.

Hadleigh

Hadleigh fell into a profound sleep, during which his countenance changed most alarmingly—The nurse lifted up her eyes, and moved, and spoke as if she thought he slept for the last time—Mary had more favourable conjectures, which, in fine, after a few hours, were realized; and the physician, *unasked*, pronounced Hadleigh as far out of danger, as man could judge him. As he spoke, Mary could have embraced his knees, but she instantly worshipped that Being with whose assistance he had acted.

The delightful sensations, which almost overpowered her, when Hadleigh, knew her, after a week's estrangement of his senses, requited all the hours of dire affliction her soul had sustained.

The

The doctor's judgment was not erroneous, for Hadleigh's health rapidly returned; and Mary's happiness, like a jewel regained, became more inestimable.

The sighs of the parishioners were changed to rapturous effusions. All who knew Hadleigh rejoiced, save one:—a brother of the cloth, expecting to succeed to the benefice, had hastened to London to be ready to make the earliest application—but, lo! when he opened his correspondent's letter, greedy of the news so many dreaded, he read—"Our amiable young rector is in a fair way of recovery, to compensate the tender sollicitude of his lovely wife, and to the inexpressible delight, not only of his own flock, but of all to whom his character endears him—for the admiration he engages is as extensive

as his goodness.—No wonder we shuddered at the idea of losing him, naturally fearing we should never look on his like again.”

SYMPTOMS OF A WEDDING.

When Mr. Godfrey heard of the recent sufferings at the rectory, he retraced all his Mary's anguish, and was irresolute whether to chide her for not calling him to soothe it, or place the sentiment that deterred her from alarming his peace, amongst her numerous glowing sentiments of filial love.

He seldom had to think twice before he determined that whatever she did, seemed “wisest, discreetest, best;” and, knowing he should be
near

near her in future, if affliction became her lot, he only, when he wrote, united with her in thankfulness for the event of the trial she had endured—adding, he should accept, in a few weeks, her invitation to be their visitor, till a house became vacant. He informed her, he thought there was little probability of Jemima Conway accompanying them to G——, as a young man seemed inclined to take her another road. All Mr. Godfrey said on this subject was adduced from the Lewishams having repeated their visit at Godfrey-hall, and the elder privately informing him of his son's predilection in favour of Miss Conway, as well as his objections to make it known—which Mr. Godfrey said, if the liking was mutual, he thought might be easily surmounted, as

Mrs.

Mrs. Hadleigh would be much pleased Mr. Charles Lewisham's happiness should be established—and he really believed both Jemima's heart and person were disengaged.

Mr. Lewisham communicated so interesting a conversation to his son, who no longer scrupled to particularize Jemima, as his heart dictated.

He told her what she already knew respecting his love of Mrs. Hadleigh.

To be thought worthy of succeeding the idea of Mrs. Hadleigh, flattered her much—in short, Jemima's opinions were made up concerning his conduct, under the influence of an ill-judged passion, and Lewisham found her more prompt to applaud his present choice, than to blame his past.

Yet

Yet she received his addresses with a timid irresolution, which Mr. Godfrey's approbation could not conquer, till she was assured of her parents' "so—to whom Lewisham was not tardy in paying his respects.

His introduction and appearance were incontestibly favourable — he was shortly encouraged to make known how far he aspired, and unfolded his circumstances, which were superior to Mr. Conway's expectations.

"Are you aware, Sir," said he, "of Jemima's inequality?"

"I am *aware*, Sir, that in possessing her, I shall be rich."

Mr. Conway thought the answer bespoke him serious in his affection, but incurious as to pecuniary matters; and, as the most he could possibly do for Jemima was to make
 1 her

her presents, to the amount of a very few hundreds, the subject seemed too trivial to dwell on.

Young Lewisham was certainly of a disinterested disposition, and highly valued Jemima's perfections, independent of her portion — but he had not thought that so disproportionate to his own moderate possessions, when Mr. Godfrey informed him he had three thousand pounds of her's, to invest the person with, on whom she bestowed her hand.

Lewisham was not in the secret — neither when he made proposals to Jemima's father had Mr. Godfrey's letter reached that gentleman, to inform him that his Cousin Conway advanced one thousand pounds, and Mr. Godfrey added two, to satisfy the elder Lewisham's wishes for his

son, and to evince the sincerity of his friendship for Jemima.

THE CONTRAST.

Mary's kindred mind approved her father's generosity to Jemima, and she wrote to Mrs. Maddel to purchase on her account some ornaments towards the bride's appearance.

Mrs. Conway, who had presented her husband with a fine girl, recovered just time enough to be present at their young relation's wedding, on which occasion, a sister could not have been more liberal or friendly.

The bride and bridegroom, with one of Mr. Arthur Conway's youngest daughters, accompanied Mr. Lewisham

sham to Godfrey Cottage; where, if Jemima approved the situation, they were to continue one family.

The spot where Mr. Godfrey and his loved daughter had passed so many years was particularly endeared to Jemima, and she was no sooner settled in Godfrey Cottage, than she applied herself to act in imitation of its former mistress.

Lady Newland felt most pleasingly the improvement in Mr. Lewisham's family, and said, "she never expected her former neighbours would be so well supplied.

To Jemima she acted a part nearly maternal, whose only regret was the distance from her parents; but she knew (though separated from them) that they were rejoicing in her happiness, and having one of her

sister's with her, lessened the alienation.

Jemima, though daily increasing the esteem with which she first inspired Lady Newland, occasioned her ladyship some melancholy reflections.

Every amiable young woman who came under her observation, was a distressing contrast to her own daughter, who she found was leading a life of dissipation, that materially impaired her constitution.

It appeared that her inattention to the Chevalier, had rendered him indifferent; and his sister, the Marchioness de Clairville, was continually resenting the slights her brother experienced, by every species of contempt and malice that injured haughtiness could dictate.

Such

Such were the conclusions Lady Newland drew from her daughter's letter, though Madame de Beaumont called dissipation indispensable engagements. Her ill-health she did not pretend to account for, but made many complaints of it:—she blamed her husband's inconstant nature, as the source of his indifference; though she boasted she could never be so absurdly unfashionable, as to shew him any affection. As to the Marchioness, spite and caprice, with self-love, made up her character, and the mighty regard she pretended for her brother, was only because he was too nearly allied to herself to have any fault.

Lady Newland wrote to Madame de Beaumont all that her uneasiness suggested; but rightly judged she had few moments to bestow from

the cares of adorning and exhibiting her person.

If the serene wife of Hadleigh and Madame de Beaumont could have been condemned to change situations, retaining their respective sentiments, the consequence to each must have been dreadful.

Mary seated at a toilette, surrounded by beaux, under a necessity of listening to fulsome frivolties, till she was “in outward shew elaborate”—then compelled to drag a form, languid through illness, from one public place to another—would she not exclaim, where are my hours in which a husband’s converse improved and delighted?—where the smiling faces of sincerity to welcome my approach?—What! not one moment left to render my life acceptable to heaven or its creatures!

On

On the other hand, suppose the Chevalier's unthinking partner, wandering in the rectory from room to room, unable to kill time, which is wholly appropriated to looking at her watch, yawning, counting the nails in the chair, and wishing the house was blown down, so the same wind blew her to a different fate.

THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

Mr. Godfrey was succeeded in Godfrey Hall by a gentleman of large fortune, with a wife and several grown-up sons and daughters.

“Now, (said Mr. Carter) our girl and boy may pick and chuse.”

He knew not Wilhelmina had already made a decision, who actually

was carrying on a correspondence with a gentleman in the *honourable profession* of hair-dressing. He was a native of France, and told the fair one, “ he had left that country in consequence of an affair of honour ;” adding, “ his friends not knowing where to make him remittances, he was obliged to have recourse to his talents for support ; therefore chose an employment at once expressive of his genius, and his desire to be near the ladies.”

His eloquence proved persuasive to Miss Carter ;—after wisely debating the *pros* and *cons* in a fortnight's correspondence, she met him in Bushy Park, and accompanied him to his own country.

They were married before they reached Paris, where she delayed not

not to enquire out her dear friend Emilia, and paid her a visit.

“ Bless me ! Miss Carter, (said Madame de Beaumont) who thought of seeing you at Paris ?— are Mr. and Mrs. Carter, and your brother here ?”

“ No, — (replied Wilhelmina) I have chosen a new protector.”— but upon mentioning her husband’s name, her *dear friend* burst into a fit of laughing, saying, “ excuse me, Wilhelmina, and reconcile yourself to your fate, for you are certainly married to one of the most eminent hair-dressers in Paris.”

Rage and astonishment flashed in the bride’s eyes,—but curbing it, “ well (said she) since I have been so miserably deceived, I hope my dear Emilia will afford me shelter till my father consents to receive me.

“ *I afford you shelter, madam?—*
 No! since you have made your
 fate, submit to it; your birth was
 low enough, but you have even de-
 meaned that; so remember you are
 far removed from my society: and
 should you presume to make free
 with my name, you shall be reduced
 to want, as well as meanness, if
 your father does not grant you some
 other dependance besides your hus-
 band's trade.”

Wilhelmina flew from the hideous
 sounds, to ring a peal as discordant
 in the ears of her mate; who, with
 much composure, bid her “ be cool,
 for stratagems were lawful in love.”

“ All my consolation (said she) is,
 that my father will never give me a
 shilling;—I had rather starve than
 see you possess my fortune; and since
 you have deceived me, I have the
 pleasure

pleasure to tell you, that as to my being independent when I came of age, was only what I chose to say."

"Then I think (returned Monsieur) you are even with me, and I have a precious bargain; for I am sure the old *bite* would much sooner see me foused in his horse-pond, than open his purse strings for my advantage."

However, he wrote that having the honour to be so nearly allied to a respectable family, he was willing to resign his business, if Mr. Carter would enable him to live without it.

Wilhelmina suffered the letter to be dispatshed, after adding some words herself, amounting to begging pardon for the rash step she had taken, and seconded her husband's request; for she had began to think

that if her father would consent to make him a gentleman, she should be much better off than remaining a spinster.

TIT FOR TAT.

“ I give my money to a vender of false hair,—a comber of wigs,—a slave to fools heads !”—exclaimed Mr. Carter, after perusing his son-in-law’s epistle —“ No !” continued he, “ I would sooner bury it in the earth, than he, or the mean-spirited, disobedient wretch, his wife, should partake of a brass farthing.”

“ Hush, my dear,” said Mrs. Carter, “ to be sure Wilhelmina has given us a prodigious shock, but still she is our own child.”

“ I don’t

“ I don't know that,—I disown her,—I wash my hands of her.”

Mrs. Carter saw it was in vain to contend the point, and as he entirely disclaimed answering the letter, she wrote herself to her daughter, telling her, “ there were no hopes of her father's relenting ; but as she must have been hurried away by the *ardency of her passion*, her husband, *if he was a man of any sentiment*, would not require any further inducement to use her well ;—for her part, she was still all the mother, and should ever be glad to hear from her dear Wilhelmina ;”—she chid her for not making her her confidante, knowing the great allowances she always made for the *tender susceptibilities of delicate minds* ; but she forgave her, and hoped she would be happy, though excluded from the
 3 polite

polite society she had been accustomed to, by her husband's business, too shocking to mention."

Mrs. Carter's clemency did not compensate for the news her letter contained, either to Wilhelmina, or her mate, though he was more patient than could be expected.

"*Eh bien, ma chere moitié,*" said he, "you must submit to figure the lady of Monsieur le *Friseur*, and be thankful you have met so good a fate;—I might have been a starving poet, and brought you to a garret, for any thing you knew to the contrary; instead of which, you have a good house over your head, and my profession so gentlemanly, that I can scarcely be reckoned a *Bourgeois*;—let me tell you I have the honour to be much respected and approved."

It

It is certain Beauvais's character was no otherwise reproachable than from his propensity to draw the long bow, and he thought he had drawn it to some purpose, when Miss Carter consented to elope with him; but, as it proved, they had been mutually deceived;—he bore the event, however, with a tolerable grace, yet could not induce his wife by any means to relish her situation.

She would not stir out, lest she should be seen walking by Madam de Beaumont, the sight of whose carriage passing her door, threw her into hystericks: she constantly sat above stairs, that she might not see the shop, yet she every day rouged, and had her hair dressed, which gave her a showy appearance at the window. Amongst other eyes, she attracted

ed

ed those of the Count de la Toison, from whom she soon after received a billet doux, that admirably revived her spirits; the Count confessed her charms had subdued him, an assignation ensued, and Wilhelmina shortly rolled in a chariot, more splendid than Madam de Beaumont's, from whose society she was still distant, but a different class of the gay and luxurious threw open their doors to receive her.

Beavais was not inconsolable for the loss of his wife, but wished he had married the daughter of an honest *Bourgeois* in his own country: Having by the importation of a rich Englishman's daughter, brought on her infamy, and on himself disgrace.

THE EARNESTNESS OF VIRTUE.

Madam de Beaumont transmitted Wilhelmina's transactions to Lady Newland, who wrote them to Mrs. Maddel, and Mrs. Maddel was so affected by the subject, she mentioned it with tears in her eyes at the rectory.

“ Good Heaven ! ” exclaimed Mary, “ is the unfortunate girl so irrecoverably lost to virtue ? — Can no friendly hand be extended to save her from sinking deeper in the fatal gulph ? — were it possible, I would go myself, and conjure her to listen to me.”

But Mary was not in a situation to travel ; she expected shortly to become a mother. She entreated however,

ever, her father would write to Mr. Carter, informing him of his daughter's situation, and urging the necessity of rescuing her from further guilt.

She wrote herself to Madam de Beaumont, imploring her to exert herself in the cause, and inclosed a few lines to be forwarded to Wilhelmina, to the following purport:

“ If one deeply interested in your fate, can claim attention, I shall have the happiness of being heard:—O! Wilhelmina, I have seen you in your father's house, the delight of fond parents, and though not faultless, (I will not flatter) no stranger to honour and rectitude; but now I hear far otherwise,—yet I have neither authority or inclination to reproach—I only wish to unfold truths, which

which may recal you, ere it is too late, to the paths you have forsaken.

“ The triumphs of the guilty are short-lived, and succeeded by endless woe.—The eye that sparkles in vain luxury, sickness or satiety will dim; or should your charms remain, caprice may deem them changed.

“ Him, in whom you now confide, is not bound to you by any tie, human or divine; and, when he forsakes you, whither will you flee?—Instantly leave him, as the enemy of your present and eternal peace.

“ I have written to Madam de Beaumont to further my supplications; and I hope to be the means of your hearing from your father, in a manner to encourage every good thought.

“ Hear

“Hear the prayers, accompanied by the tears of one, who never felt so much your friend, as at this moment; and who presumes on the goodness of her intentions to justify this liberty.

“MARY HADLEIGH.”

The letters being dispatched, Mary felt somewhat easier,—she was ever feelingly alive to the misfortunes of her fellow-creatures; and being immersed in guilt, a calamity threatening endless sufferings, shocked her nature beyond any other.

Had Mary been on the spot, as was Madam de Beaumont, it is most likely Wilhelmina would have been preserved from the criminal step.

Mary waited impatiently the return of the post;—her friends entreated

treated she would not suffer her mind to dwell on disagreeable subjects, and their word was her law.

Mr. Godfrey, after passing a few weeks at the rectory, suited himself with a house, within one mile of it, to which he removed, and found he had effectually established both his own comfort and Mrs. Maddel's, by fixing so near his daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield congratulated themselves on acquiring such valuable neighbours; whose domestic happiness, was, if possible, improved by the birth of a son, to which Sir Robert Mansfield stood sponsor in person, who, with Mrs. Elizabeth, was on a visit to his son and daughter.

THE GUILTY CAREER
INTERRUPTED.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mansfield was fascinated by the conjugal felicity she witnessed in her nephew's family, and beheld at the rectory, and was almost ready to acknowledge the spells of virtue, inspiring admiration, and diffusing content, were more potent than any she had ever heard of.

Her conviction was so perfect of the rector's all-subduing worth, that she would, unaccompanied, pass thro' the church-yard, for which, she deemed herself as valiant as Joan of Arc, and thought no heroic exploit could ever after come amiss to her.

Not-

Notwithstanding aunt Elizabeth's family love, it was not without many entreaties she ventured so far from home.

“ Well,” she would say, “ Martha often told me there was a long journey in my tea-cup ; and aye, you little rogue, (to the infant) you were there also ; but I am better pleased to see you in your mother's arms.”

Little Mansfield's mother was his chief nurse.

Mary, when viewing her friend Constance so delightfully occupied, lost all fears in the hopes of following her example.

No glooms oppressed her equal spirits ; in all situations they were tempered by the innate serenity her actions formed. For others she could sigh and weep, but for herself

self no rough anxiety disturbed the calm.

The return of the foreign post brought a letter from Madame de Beaumont.

“ *To Mrs. HADLEIGH.*

MADAM,

“ From a particular desire to oblige absent friends, I sent your note, by my woman, to the guilty creature for whom you are interested.

“ *Fanchon* found her confined to her bed, by bruises, received in the breaking down of her ill gotten carriage.—I find her face is also horridly disfigured, by cuts from the glass of the window, and she is, altogether,
in

in a lamentable condition; but the Count de la Toison behaves, on the occasion, with more humanity than she deserves;—for, although the *agremens* which attracted him must be totally obscured, he affords her house-room and proper attendants.

“Your letter threw her into agonies.—She said, at first, you meant to insult her; and desired you might not have your triumph compleated, by knowing her situation: upon which Fanchon was leaving her; but she called her back, saying, upon second thoughts, she believed your intentions were not amiss; and, when she got better, she would answer your letter.

“I have only, Madam, to add on the subject, that I have done thus much in compliance with your eccentric

wishes—but must beg you will not ask me to appear any further in the affair, as I think it wrong to bestow a thought on such glaring infamy—neither have I a moment's leisure for indifferent pursuits.

“ I am advised to Montpelier, for my health—but shall not quit Paris these three weeks; and shall be happy to be honoured with your commands, on any other occasion : Being, Madam, with respects to your family;

“ Your most humble servant,

“ EMILIA DE BEAUMONT.”

Mary durst not trust herself to animadvert on this letter—lest she should condemn the writer with the severity

severity she evinced to her quondam school-fellow.

“Perhaps,” said Mary, “the calamity that has befallen Wilhelmina, may awaken her to such thoughts as I humbly hoped to inspire.”

Whatever the *cause*, Mary prayed the *effect* might be “repentance, never to be repented of.”

THE MISTAKEN FATHER.

Mr. Godfrey also received an answer to his letter to Mr. Carter.

“To HENRY GODFREY, Esq.

“SIR,

“I am obliged to you, for the concern you take in the wicked

baggage—but what I say, I always stand to—neither as a Barber's wife, or a Count's mistress, have I any thing to say to her. Nothing can make her more infamous than running away from me, who supported her in an appearance that might have attracted a Lord. I daily advised her to hold her head above the commonalty—and this is the way she has flung my counsel.

“ I find all is deceitful in this world, but the true sterling; therefore, I shall keep that as my best friend, and not expend a sixpence on a daughter, who has disgraced my house.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your humble servant,

“ SAMUEL CARTER.”

“ Mr.

“ Mr. Carter is, indeed, deluded and disgraced,” said Mr. Godfrey, “ but more by his own opinions than his daughter’s conduct.—Vain man! had he laboured to adorn her mind, instead of her person, he might have met the gratitude he expected—but I will not judge harshly—perhaps, in his youth, he suffered neglect in the same point—uninstructed himself in the right path, how could he direct his child?—All-bounteous Heaven, how thankful should thy creatures be, who have been trained in the knowledge that enlightens?”

Mary’s heart united in the ejaculation, and she was revolving in her mind how to act, for Wilhelmina’s advantage, independent of the aid refused, when she recollected an elderly lady at Paris, with whom she

had not been intimate, for want of time to cultivate the acquaintance—but she had greatly admired a certain benignity in her manners, with which her character corresponded.

To this lady Mary wrote, and painted circumstances in such urgent and persuasive terms, that she soon received an answer, containing all the satisfaction the case could admit.

“ To Mrs. HADLEIGH,

“ MADAM,

“ Being particularly happy to second such sentiments as only real charity could suggest, I went myself to the unfortunate young person, who seems to have recovered
from

from all ill effects of her accident, except some deep scars in her face, and they promise a continuance.

“The Count de la Toison has discarded her; but presented her with a small sum, upon which she retired to a lodging—where I saw her, apparently in a state of penitence—but whether it is inspired by a contrition for her past conduct, or a sense of her destitute situation, I cannot determine, as her manners are not very intelligent.—I seemed, however, to view her professions in the best light; and told her, Madam, of your generous offer to receive her in England; and to place her in some comfortable situation, until her father, from hearing she behaved with propriety, might be induced to relent.

“Which offer she is preparing to accept; and says, she will study to deserve your goodness. She told me she meant to have answered your kind note, but could not think you serious in pitying a person you had cause to dislike.

“Every comment, Madam, must be inferior to suit the admiration I have for your character—I therefore offer none; but, assure you I feel flattered by your distinction! and, with every good wish for you and your’s, have the honour to be,

“Your most humble servant,

“**MARIA DE SANVILLE.**”

Madame de Sanville’s letter wholly attoned to Mary for the asperity of Madame de Beaumont’s.

She

She was glad she might expect Wilhelmina; to whom, indeed, it was a new doctrine that, not only forgiveness, but relief, should be offered from whence displeasure and contempt had been justly incurred.

GOOD ENDEAVOURS SUCCESSFUL.

Mary lost no time in dispatching a messenger to London, to meet Wilhelmina; and, in the mean while, agreed with a widow woman, both chearful and pious, to admit her as a boarder.

Mary knew an appearance of mystery, in a country place, never failed to form conversations; therefore said, the person expected, wished to live economical and retired, as her husband was abroad.

She did not suppose Wilhelmina was attached to either of the two surnames she had so much dishonoured, so called her Weston.

Her own maid, who was sent on the embassy, was in the secret—and it was not to be imagined Mr. Godfrey's servants would recollect a face represented to be so materially altered.

Thus Mary studied to conceal her past disgrace, and screen her from future. Indeed her countenance was effectually transformed by deep scars to assist in the latter—for Mary, when she beheld her, could scarcely recollect a set of features she had once thought pretty—though she seldom attracted admiration, for want of the information of an intelligent mind.

Wilhelmina

Wilhelmina, after being received with the most encouraging gentleness, was conducted to her new abode. — and seemed not insensible of its comforts, or of Mrs. Hadleigh's kindness, in promising to see her frequently.

She was furnished with entertaining books, to win her to reading; which Mary hoped would soon become a favourite and instructive employment. — Mary also engaged her assistance in works of fancy and utility, and oftentimes walked with her, pointing out the merits of the industrious females, who laboured cheerfully, and were requited by content.

But the friendly, unassuming monitoress, was taken from these practices by the confinement she expected, and blessed her husband and friends

with a lovely girl, whose promising appearance brought encrease of felicity, not only to the family she belonged to, but to the whole admiring number, who hoped to see the parent's virtues extend like the fruitful olive.

Thus the rectory issued forth the voice of gladness, and joyful echo spread it far;—neither was it damped by unusual anxiety for the fond mother, who, as soon as could be expected, returned to society, and every avocation, domestic and benevolent.

She was particularly charmed to find her charge at the widow Benson's, had been industrious in profiting by every syllable, which, in earnest solicitude for her happiness, she had uttered.

The authors Mary had selected, had been carefully perused, which produced

produced reflections more useful than Wilhelmina had ever known, and left her mind open for further truths.

“ Oh, Madam !” she exclaimed, “ I have been in a wretched state of ignorance ; but now I see the source of your goodness, and feel the enormity of my own guilt.—Assist me, Madam, to devote the remainder of my life to gratitude and penitence.”

In short, Wilhelmina seemed overwhelmed with the torrent of her new ideas. Mary stemmed them with words of peace, and left her calm, but not less sensible of the prospect unfolding to her eyes, and penetrating to her heart.

Mrs. Benson, the good woman with whom she boarded, treated her with maternal tenderness ; and, tho’ she would not interrupt her meditations,

tions, by chearful discourse varied many painful thoughts.

THE AFFLICTED MOTHER.

The Carters imagined their daughter to be pursuing the course they heard she was in at Paris, till a letter from Mrs. Hadleigh undeceived them, who informed them of Wilhelmina's situation, contrition, and of her fervent desire for their forgiveness.

“So, to crown all,” said Mr. Carter, “she lives upon charity; and no doubt will come to the parish; and serve her right too—I have done with her.”

Mary had also related the accident Wilhelmina had met with in the Count de la Toison's chariot, as an instance

instance of divine mercy, that after what she had suffered from it, her life was preserved for a better end.

“ Alas, my child !” exclaimed Mrs. Carter, “ her beauty must be wholly demolished.”

“ Egad,” said Augustus, stroaking his sleek face, “ I would not have suffered such a misfortune for the universe !”

His mother, however, could not be consoled by his remaining handsome (at least in his own idea) ; she continued weeping for the loss she found her daughter had sustained ; saying it wrung her to the heart ; and she should fall a victim to her sensibility.

“ Psha ! woman,” said her condoling husband, “ cease your whining—since she could not be profitably

bly disposed of, what signifies how she is defaced?"

"O, cruel man!—hard-hearted father!—to speak in such terms of our unhappy girl!—Oh, she had the sweetest face!—Never more will she be counted like her poor mother—and every body said she was the very *moral* of me!"

"Yes!—she is the *moral*, and has the *morals* too of all her sex;—a deceitful wicked sex it is!"

Mrs. Carter took exceptions again, at the last speech—and words were growing high; but, to do her justice, she never strove very hard for the last word—so the conversation terminated, where it began, with the father's total rejection of his daughter—of which, in cavalier terms, he acquainted Mrs. Hadleigh.

Mary

Mary was sorry that Wilhelmina had such indifferent encouragement from her father, but endeavoured to console her.

She said, had he only vouchsafed to say he forgave, and advanced a small sum to enable her to get her bread, she would have been gratefully resigned.

"There is another person," she added, "whom I have most heinously transgressed against, and from whom I can have no pecuniary expectations—but I will make an effort to gain his pardon."

Mary judged of course she meant her husband, and much approved of her writing to him to such a purport; but bid her be under no concern as to future support, as Mr. Hadleigh and herself were ever ready to forward

ward any plan of comfort and profit she could suggest.

Wilhelmina made due acknowledgments, but did not say any thing further on the subject at that time, thinking herself at her husband's disposal, should he chuse to assert his right.

However, every thought of that nature was removed, by the answer to her letter.

It came from his brother, (to whom he had left all his effects) informing her, Beauvais had died about a month before, of a fever; but that she might be perfectly easy as to his forgiveness, as he left the world in charity with every body; and said, wherever she was, he wished her well.

Wilhelmina was much shocked at the death of Beauvais, which
strengthened.

strengthened every serious thought ; but a few days afterwards she informed Mrs. Hadleigh the event had caused her to make up her mind respecting her future subsistence, which in consideration of the aid generously offered, was to unite with Mrs. Benson in her little farm ; who, from preferring an active life, would save her any laborious employment ; tho', as far as she was able, she was willing to be of use.

Mary commended the choice, thinking it would still leave her leisure for proper reflections ; and be advantageous both to herself and the good woman, whose attentive care deserved a reward.

When Mr. Godfrey heard of the plan, he insisted on advancing the sum to be placed in Mrs. Benson's hands

hands for the increase of stock; who imagined, at first, it was from the effects of her boarder's deceased husband; but Wilhelmina thinking it not improbable that she might end her days with her, related her story, both as a tribute to sincerity and the benevolence of her friends; at which Mrs. Benson lifted up her eyes in wonder, and said, "my dear child, I pity, yet rejoice over you, by being thus happily snatched from perdition;—God preserve you in your present conduct, and may all your friends follow Mrs. Hadleigh's divine example.

THE CURATE.

Every lovely trait in Mary's character, every resulting deed, were to
Hadleigh

Hadleigh fair records of his bliss; and when he rapturously folded in his arms his infant daughter, each fond parental wish centered in the one, that she might prove a true copy of the bright original; and Mr. Godfrey's benedictions on his grandchild, were all accompanied by the same hope.

The more Mr. Godfrey saw of Hadleigh, the more he thought him worthy of his Mary, and of every earthly good; he honoured him for a certain dignity of sentiment that exalted his mind, a *dignity* far removed from austerity, by the humility his studies inspired; for he *studied* to be good as well as learned: wherefore his discourses possessed the first perfections of clerical elocution.—The language gratifying the scholar, though

though adapted to the capacity of the unlettered, and the subjects being made clear, to carry conviction, never failed to edify.

Such was Hadleigh in the pulpit:—At home, he was the affectionate and attentive husband, and considerate master;—his father-in-law he revered, and behaved to him accordingly.

To his parishioners he was a temporal, as well as a spiritual guide,—consulted by them in every business of importance.

The elder, in disposing of their daughters, and the younger, in choosing wives, were not satisfied if the rector cast not an approving eye; which if he could not do consistent with his judgment, in friendly earnestness, he endeavoured to remove objections.

In

In chusing a curate, Hadleigh evinced his parochial love, and invariable desire to serve merit, by distinguishing a young man, who had been disappointed in better expectations, and every way qualified to discharge the important trust.

Crawley was also a pleasant addition to their society, his manners being animated by an invincible good humour, and wish to please; when he was present, neither snuffing the candles, or stirring the fire, were necessary to give a fillip to conversation.

At the rectory, where glad hearts promoted pleasantry, he gaily joined in it; and in less brilliant families, he filled their pauses by the well-told tale.

Thus the day seemed unusually tedious where Crawley failed to appear ;—the elders of the family wondered what was become of him ;—the daughters tossed their heads, supposing he was better engaged ; and the sons, to end all disputes, set off to seek him.

DISINTERESTED LOVE.

If Crawley was esteemed, he was at first also feared by those prudent fathers who thought wealth an indispensable ingredient, when their daughters wedded.

His equal conduct, however, gave no room for such apprehensions : but it was not improbable the young women might be too sensible of his merit.

However

However he had lived several months amongst them, and continued to be as welcome at every house as in the first week of his introduction; for though the frankness of his deportment familiarized him as a brother, his impartial gay attentions precluded serious thoughts of a different nature.

Hadleigh and Mary sometimes marvelled at the indifference with which he would mention the G——belles, agreeing if he had not such excellent spirits, they should suppose he had lost his heart before he came there:—indeed he sometimes talked of making love to Mrs. Elizabeth Mansfield, because, he said, “she was one of the best of mortals;” but three crows having flew over their heads the first day they

met, discouraged him from urging his suit.

Crawley would thus treat the subject of love:—but the rector and his wife were not wrong in their conjectures; his heart was wholly bestowed on a young woman, to whom he had been long engaged, and the certainty of possessing her's, though in a state of separation, increased the natural hilarity of his disposition.

Crawley's father was a clergyman, in the north of England, but dying when his son was twelve years of age, he only left the means to bring him up to the profession he was designed for, without a sufficiency to purchase a living,—but he thought he left him a patron in Lord M——; and if the smiles and commendations of his lordship intitled him to the
name

name, he deserved it: but Crawley found, after two years attendance, those mere glittering proofs of distinction were all he had to expect;—therefore wisely looked about him, and had the good fortune to hear of the curacy at G——, through a neighbour who had been in that part of the world, and well knowing Mr. Hadleigh, judged his young friend would be favourably received.

The only difficulty arising to Crawley was from the above-mentioned attachment.

To leave Lydia Willoughby, was quitting the supreme joy of his life. They had been brought up together, and as they grew in stature, increased in love.

Lydia's parents dying when she was a child, left her to the care of

Crawley's mother, but her fortune was to remain in her guardians hands till she became of age, when she determined to bestow it on Crawley. Though such an intention was carefully concealed from the trustees, they were rather apprehensive of the match; and had they been ascertained of its being in agitation, they would, no doubt, have taken measures to prevent it.

The only near relations Lydia had, were an uncle and his family, in the West Indies; and they merely interested themselves so far about her, as to keep up a formal correspondence.

She had been particularly enjoined to Mrs. Crawley's protection by her mother, who had lived with that lady in the strictest habits of friendship.

The

The guardians appointed were esteemed as men of integrity, but she little thought they would assume the power of chusing for her daughter, in the important article of marriage.

One had a son, and the other a nephew, they each wished to recommend; but Lydia reserved herself for Crawley, who reconciled himself to accept such a disinterested proof of her regard; because, had the superiority of fortune been on his side, he felt she would have been his fondest choice;—but Lydia was only in her nineteenth year, and to remain inactive in his profession two years longer, neither suited his disposition or sentiments, wherefore he bid her adieu, resolving the remembrance of her at G——, should

brighten every thought her society had inspired.

A SURPRISE.

“ I wish Crawley,” said Hadleigh, one day, “ you would commence Benedick;—I have so high an opinion of what your choice would be, that I think our society would be greatly improved by such an event.”

Crawley acknowledged the compliment, but said, “ he had no thought of marrying *at present*.”

Hadleigh, by repeating the words *at present*, reminded Crawley of having somewhat accented them ; and a conversation ensued, which ended in his telling the circumstances of his attachment.

In

In Hadleigh there was a friendly openness that invited confidence; neither was Crawley sorry to discard a reserve, which had prevented him ever mentioning a name so dear to him.

Hadleigh never discoursed with a friend on particular subjects, but he essayed to give some better testimony than words, that he was kindly interested; he, therefore, sought his wife, and consulted with her how to procure the company of Mrs. Crawley and Miss Willoughby at the rectory, in order to surprise and delight the young man.

Mary was not given to deliberation, when the means appeared of promoting satisfaction, and wrote as follows :

“ To Mrs. CRAWLEY.

MADAM,

“ Mr. Crawley is of such consequence amongst us, we feel incapable of sparing him to pay his respects in the north, but have a private persuasion he is very anxious to see you, which occasions me to take this liberty, and to acquaint you that Mr. Hadleigh and myself will think ourselves most kindly distinguished, if you will gratify our desire to be introduced to you, and your son's affection, by passing a few months at G—— rectory.

“ We hear there is a young lady under your protection, whose company

pany we also covet. G—— is not devoid of charms; and nothing shall be wanting, on my part, to testify the pleasure I shall experience.

“ Mr. Crawley knows not of my temerity; but I trust, madam, you will convince me I have not too large a share, by the presence of yourself and Miss Willoughby,

“ Be assured, you will not come to strangers, but to those who already esteem you, from a knowledge of your son, and aspire to be called friends.

“ I am, Madam, respectfully,

“ Your's,

“ MARY HADLEIGH.”

This letter confirmed to Mrs. Crawley the characters her son had

given her of the rector and his wife ; and she said to Miss Willoughby, " the invitation appeared irresistible."

Lydia being entirely of her way of thinking, an answer was sent with all speed, to announce the obligation they felt, and to inform Mr. and Mrs. Hadleigh they proposed themselves the pleasure of seeing them the ensuing week.

Mary congratulated herself on the success of her plot to surprise Crawley, and on the day she expected the ladies, gave him an invitation to dinner. He judged there was to be company, and rather wondered he had not heard who ; but after morning prayers, equipped himself in his last new black suit, and, in all the neatness of clerical propriety, appeared at the rectory ; but
dinner

dinner party only consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Hadleigh, Mr. Godfrey, and Mrs. Maddel.—Crawley was surprised, but not chagrined, as his usual chearfulness evinced, till about five o'clock in the afternoon, when a post chaise stopped at the door.

“Come, (said Hadleigh) let us go and hand the ladies in;” upon which Crawley followed him.

It was hard, to say whether his joy or astonishment was most predominant.

He rubbed his eyes—he begged to be foused in the fish-pond, or tossed in a blanket, as proofs positive that he was awake;—but no person being inclined to do him such a favour, a short time convinced him of the reality of his blifs, and informed him to whom he was indebted for it.

A DISCOVERY.

Hadleigh and Mary certainly studied Crawley's satisfaction, independent of their own, when they invited his mother and Lydia—but, after the introduction, they were convinced they had procured themselves very agreeable acquaintances.

Mrs. Crawley was between forty and fifty, with a very pleasing person and address;—her excellent spirits gave her a readiness of expression; and a studious desire to please, stood in the lieu of refined politeness;—yet she piqued herself on speaking her mind, and advanced her opinions with such warmth, it was apparent she would not easily suffer a contradiction of them.

Her

Her affection to her son was unbounded; she thought him deserving of every distinction riches or merit could confer, which restrained her from feeling any inconvenient delicacies respecting Lydia's choice;—she was perfectly assured Philip would do it honour—nor was she too partial—for the strictness of his principles entirely equalled his love.

Lydia was a retired character; she spoke little, but whatever she uttered, convinced her hearers diffidence, not incapacity, kept her too often silent:—she was pliable in yielding to good impressions, and resolute in retaining them;—having made every improvement the country afforded, she might be styled accomplished.

Her person was tall and genteel; which, with the bloom of health in her face, and a gentle unassuming
air,

air, gave her advantages over many more regularly beautiful, and conscious of the gift.

Mrs. Hadleigh introduced her new friends at the assembly, where Crawley danced with Lydia, and convinced every body, he could, when he pleased, mark his attentions with other points besides good humour and civility.

The observation of one of the belles was, that Miss Willoughby was passable—but very different from her ideas of Mr. Crawley's taste;—she was too much of still life for one so animated; but there was no accounting for the difference of opinions.

“ True, Madam ;” said Crawley, (being nearer than she supposed)
 “ in matters of fancy the learned differ ; and——”

“ Pray,

“Pray, Crawley, who is that *divine* girl you have been dancing with?” said a favourite of the lady’s, at the same instant, with a look of contempt, she walked to another part of the room.

Lydia, on her part, thought most of the ladies handsome, and almost wondered her swain had remained constant; and flattered herself, as he had stood so long a test, he would continue immovable to her disadvantage.

Mrs. Crawley eyed the ladies too, somewhat curiously, and, with true discernment, discovered that her son was a favourite amongst them, but his indifference had prevented him interesting their hearts; and the observation gratified her; for, had any thing occurred to interrupt Philip’s union with Lydia, it is most probable

bable the disappointment would have proved fatal to her.

Mrs. Crawley was a woman so much esteemed for the acuteness of her judgment and domestic perfections, that she had met with several offers, after her husband's death; and was thought in the wrong, by some people, for remaining single; but she said her son and Lydia engrossed too large a share of her affection for her to have a sufficient reserve for a second husband; but she, laughing, told Crawley, he was then in some danger of having a step-father; as an agreeable, independent bachelor had settled in the neighbourhood, after passing most of his life abroad. She added, that from having travelled, he was sometimes entertaining, but, at others, he seemed lost to every thing pleasant,

fant, and almost ready to destroy himself;—however, he had told her that if she would take him for better for worse, he would endeavour to dismiss all disagreeable thoughts.

“A fair offer, undoubtedly;” said Crawley, “and pray, Madam, what is his name?”

“Stanley,” was the answer; upon which Mr. Godfrey rose, and walked about the room.

LENITY.

“You are not well, Sir;” said Mary, anxiously surveying her father.

He replied he was only surprized; as the person Mrs. Crawley had mentioned, could be no other, by
the

the description, than the Stanley who wanted Godfrey-cottage.

“ I am certain, Mr. Godfrey,” said Mrs. Crawley, “ you know something amiss of him ; but I assure you, Sir, I received his professions with the same lightness I mention them ; — my resolutions against a second marriage are invincible ; — besides, Mr. Stanley is a man I rather dislike — there is a mystery in his conduct that argues duplicity ; and I prefer ingenuous frankness, though tarnished by the constant fumes of the chimney that smoked for their christening, to the superficial lustre of far-fetched, polite reserve.”

Mr. Godfrey owned he had reason to condemn the principles of the person in question, and should be sorry
any

any friend of his should be on intimate terms with him.

Mr. Godfrey thought to advance an opinion, and not justify it, was improper; he therefore related the injury he had received from Stanley, or rather Winterton.

“ Bless me, Sir;” returned Mrs. Crawley, it was incumbent on you to prosecute him; by not doing so, you are answerable for any similar acts he may commit.”

Mr. Godfrey replied he had reason to think, from an undisguised narrative given him by Winterton, that he had, nor never intended to be guilty of the like again; so he forgave him, and left him to the reproaches of his conscience for his punishment.

Mrs. Crawley warmly argued he deserved the rigour of the law; and
had

had the case been published, no doubt she would have had many on her side—for Mr. Godfrey was particular in his sentiments respecting mercy; being exactly of a disposition to forgive his brother “seventy times seven.”

Like Mary, and other good people, he had sometimes experienced contempt from whence he merited gratitude—but the inward plaudits remained, encouraging him to proceed in the gentle course.

He wrote, however to Winterton; advising him to remain retired, nor seek to unite himself to unimpeached worth; adding, though his forgiveness was his security in this life, it would become him to employ his present hours in trying to atone for the past.

Mr.

Mr. Godfrey did not receive any answer to his letter; but a correspondent of Miss Willoughby's acquainted her that Mr. Stanley had suddenly quitted the neighbourhood.

Mrs. Crawley observed he might strive to elude Mr. Godfrey's knowledge, but he carried a little memento within, as officious as the flappers recommended by Swift.

This subject was soon absorbed in many more agreeable—for innocent mirth presided at the rectory, in which Crawley was an able supporter—swiftly darting for the fiddle, when a dance was proposed, or tuning his voice to give the demanded song.

Sometimes he read to the party—cards were never called in as auxiliaries, to kill time amongst themselves; but,

but, in mixt companies, Hadleigh and Mary chearfully joined in a rubber at whist, or a pool of commerce.

RURAL FELICITY.

Sir Robert Mansfield and Mrs. Elizabeth having long out-staid their proposed time in G——shire, returned to Mountain Grove, and were once more *tête-a-tête* in the family mansion.

After shaking hands with the 'squires and the minister, Sir Robert found the chief pleasures of his return exhausted; so he betook himself to his elbow chair, to ruminate on his son's happiness.

Mrs. Elizabeth took a retrospect also of past scenes, and communicated

ted them to Mildred, the housekeeper, who blessed young master, and longed to dandle him in her arms.

“ O, he is the sweetest boy !” said Mrs. Elizabeth, “ and Mrs. Hadleigh has got a girl equally beautiful ;—who ever lives to see it, they will make a match ; but the dear lambs may meet with numerous crosses before that time.”

“ Aye, Madam,” replied Mildred, “ many are the crosses and tosses which befall true *loveyers* ; there is David’s father has taken it in his head he shall not marry Sally Lewin, because Farmer Lloyd’s daughter has fancied the lad, and will have a portion of ten pounds : Sally, poor thing, takes on sadly ; but David cannot bring her to have him, without his father’s consent.”

Mrs.

Mrs. Elizabeth made no answer, but went and told the affair to her brother.

“No;” said he, “my little fairy’s favourite shall not be miserable for the value of ten pounds:—send for old David directly.”

Old David had already been blamed by most of the village; and approached the Baronet with some dread.

“What is this I hear of you?” said Sir Robert, “is it true that you want your son to break his word to Sally Lewin?”

“Why *hur* means *hur* son’s good, please your Worship.”

“But your *good*, and your son’s *good*, David, is to act honestly. If he has gained the girl’s affections, and does not repay them, he is a villain; and, if you instigate him to
refuse

refuse her her due, you are doubly sinful."

"*Hur* would not sin wilfully, your Worship."

"Well then, now you *do* know, go and do what is right; and when the couple are married, send them to me."

David obeyed.

A few days after the young people were united; and went from church to pay their respects at the Grove.

After humbly thanking Sir Robert for the influence he had exerted in their favour, they were departing; but he recalled the bride, and, putting ten guineas into her hands, bid her tell her father-in-law she had a dowry as well as her neighbours; "and now," he added, "my sister has ordered a dinner for you; which, if you do not all partake of with glee,

she will be disappointed.—Remember, Sally, we distinguish you, because you are a good girl, and esteemed by Mrs. Hadleigh; therefore continue worthy, and we will always see you righted.”

Sally made an eloquent, if not an *elegant* curtsy—for it conveyed all the gratitude her heart was too full to utter.

The happy party enjoyed Mrs. Elizabeth's treat—who frequently bid them welcome; and told them to drink the healths of all friends in G——shire, particularizing the names of Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield, the young heir, Mr. and Mrs. Hadleigh, and her future neice; being convinced the infants were set down in the book of fate for man and wife.

The

The good lady did not omit a bride cake; and saw portions drawn nine times through the wedding ring, to be distributed amongst the young men and maidens. Each tittered at the present, but carefully placed it in their bosoms, in order to sleep on it at night; and were assured they should be ascertained, before morning, for whom they were destined.

Mrs. Elizabeth wrote an account of the wedding to her niece, and gave her brother due praise for bringing it about; but said, “as it was impossible to touch pitch and not be defiled, so associating with virtue causes a communication; and the good thoughts of herself and her brother were all perfected, by passing so long a time amongst their friends at G——.”

Constance carried the letter to Mary, who exclaimed, "Worthy soul! were thy heart analyzed, not one particle, incompatible with true merit, would rise against thee!"

Sir Robert's generosity was highly applauded, and the unanimous opinion was, that Sally Lewen deserved it—who remained single to administer comfort to her infirm parent, and, after his death, would not be united to her love, without the consent of his father.

Hadleigh declared a more powerful sense of filial duty was rarely instanced; and, as the characteristic of piety, the genuine offspring of a virtuous mind, it demanded the most pointed encouragement.

"How often," said Mrs. Crawley, "merit sinks in oblivion, for want of similar minds to publish it;
for

for, like one of its attributes, true charity, 'it vaunteth not itself.'

Mrs. Crawley, at G——, was in better humour with the world than ever she had been in her life before.

The quickness of her penetration had often discovered latent foibles in estimable persons;—but, the more she knew of her G—— friends, the better they bore inspection.

THE AMIABLE CORRESPONDENT.

Mary corresponded regularly with her friend Jemima, who seemed very happy in the married state—writing according to the gaiety that ever distinguished her.

She said, Lewisham and herself, were very impatient to visit G——,

and, when she had that happiness, she should not omit paying her devoirs to the meadow in which she first beheld her Charles : as her heart ever throbbed with joy when she recollected an event, that occasioned his being discovered to his friends at the rectory ; a discovery they both thought the source of the felicity they experienced.

Jemima in two situations had succeeded Mary ; but in Godfrey Cottage, she was a more complete substitute for her, than at Godfrey Hall.

As Mrs. Lewisham's conduct daily increased her consequence, and though the former patroness of the village was still remembered with unabated love, regret ceased.

Lady Newland and Jemima were inseparable ;—her ladyship found in
her

her young neighbour's society, more real satisfaction than she had ever known in her daughter's, whose letters still gave her uneasiness, as they neither denoted health or content; but she continued to hope the best: for when Emilia married, she thought the alteration in her state, might happily inspire serious ideas; and now the anxious parent looked forward to the age, when maturity awakens reflection, for her daughter's conduct to be answerable to her wishes.

Jemima strengthened every thought which seemed essential to Lady Newland's peace, and by her cheerful manners dissipated all which invaded it.

Jemima's young sister still remained with her, and the elder Lewisham included her, as it were, amongst

his children ; she was certainly an engaging girl, and well justified his kindness, in telling her to consider Godfrey Cottage as her home.

Thus Mr. Arthur Conway's domestic cares, on his children's account, were decreasing apace.

Mr. Godfrey undertook to advance his eldest son in the law.—The youngest, designed for the sea, his cousin Conway patronized ; so that only one daughter remained at home, about eight years old, who was at once their care and delight.

Mrs. Conway had received many intreaties to visit her daughter Lewisham, but her husband being confined to London, by his employment, she could never attain resolution to leave him, knowing his own fireside was his chief pleasure, and if

he found that cheerless and solitary, it was not easy to make him amends.

Mr. Godfrey was their favourite theme ;— “ such a man, (Mr. Conway would exclaim) deserves to be canonized ! But he will live in the memories of those he has made happy, from generation to generation, if their gratitude but half equals his goodness.” Neither was their cousin Conway and his amiable wife, forgotten when eulogiums arose.

Mr. and Mrs. Conway, as well as Mr. Barrington, continued in the neighbourhood of Godfrey Hall, retaining a sincere friendship for the former inhabitants of that place ;— they seldom saw the Carters ;— Augustus, they heard, paid his addresses to one of the young ladies at Godfrey Hall, who was not more favourable to him than Miss God-

frey or Miss Newland, though her father approved him as a young man of fortune, and negatively good.

A MISTAKE.

Mrs. Carter never durst mention her daughter's name to her husband, but she, nevertheless, often thought of Wilhelmina, and wrote to her, inclosing the letter to Mrs. Hadleigh, superscribed

“ To Miss CARTER.

“ And is it true, my dear child, that your sweet face, on which I have so often gazed with delight, is so cruelly altered?—How often have
I blessed

I blessed inoculation, unfeared of ravages on your beauty from any future cause:—I can make no lamentations sufficiently expressive of my tender feelings on the shocking event;—I am anxious to know, my love, how you support yourself under it, and how you pass your moments, once dedicated to elegant pleasures: In all situations, I conjure you, remember what you was born to, and maintain a conscious dignity; never, *never* infringe it, by stooping to the opinions of those, who have, to be sure, some merit in their treatment of you; but if you once give up your consequence, they will naturally trample on you.—Your father remains obdurate, he is not formed, like *us ladies*, for gentle susceptibilities;—I could not forbear giving

you this instance of my tenderneſs:
being my dear Wilhelmina's

“unalterably affectionate mother,

“MARIA CARTER.”

Wilhelmina did not receive much pleasure from an epistle ſo retrograde to her newly imbibed principles, but answered it, telling her mother, “ſhe was obliged to her for the notice ſhe took of her, yet hurt by her reflections on friends, who had reſcued her from endless miſery, as ſhe would humble herſelf even to the duſt to ſhew her conviction of their goodneſs;” expatiating further on the ſubject in ſimilar terms.

Mrs. Carter read the letter twice over, and even then, it was beyond her comprehension.

She

She told Augustus, his poor sister was undoubtedly out of her mind; “ for (said she) in her perfect senses, she would have scorned such grovelling notions :—I am persuaded,” she added, “ that Hadleigh is a methodist preacher, and he and his wife, who was always ridiculously puritanical, have both together disturbed my poor girl’s precious intellects, making her believe that the loss of her beauty is a joyful event, and cloathing her perhaps in sackcloth and ashes, for the good of her soul : but I will snatch her from such fallacious doctrine, if I can possibly effect it.”

“ Lord, mother !” said Augustus, “ I think you had better leave her alone ; for you would not like her to go to Bedlam, and my father will
never

never be at the expence of a private mad-house."

" Silence monster !—I shall swoon if you talk of either; I am resolved to see her:—but if you tell your father, I will never forgive you."

Augustus promised secrecy, and she informed Mr. Carter, she wished to visit her brother, Mr. Smithson, as she had done more than once, to amuse her thoughts after Wilhelmina's elopement.

Accordingly Mrs. Carter went to Mr. Smithson's the next day, but after staying one night in London, took a chaise and set off for G——.

She talked to all the inn-keepers on the road, of the injury her *feelings* sustained in travelling, unattended; but said, " she had a *tender* point in view."

Withour

Without opening her lips, she would have attracted sufficient notice ;—her short, fat figure, in a light cloth riding habit, with a small white hat and feathers, leaving her plump face fully exposed, was eyed as somewhat original, by all who saw her.

When she stopped at the rectory, and put her head out of the chaise window, Crawley vowed the Empress *Rusty Fusty* was coming amongst them; but when she entered the room, hysterically demanding her child, those who had never seen her before, could not tell what to think.

But Mary was both acquainted with her person and manner, and said, “ she would conduct her to her daughter, as soon as she was more composed.”

“That I shall never be,” she returned, “my poor heart is rent with conflicting griefs:—don’t you see *how I am fallen away?*—But how is my child? is she more rational? I hope no cruelties have been practised,—harsh methods never succeed with tender natures;—shaving her head, indeed, might be of service.”

“Madam!” said Mary, astonished,—

“O far be it from me to be impolite; you must allow for a mother’s emotions;—but lead me to her,—let me be involved in all my misery at once.”

LITTLE

LITTLE GREATNESS.

Mrs. Carter continuing in such an absurd strain, discouraged Mary from exhibiting her in the walk to Mrs. Benson's.

She therefore wrote a note to Wilhelmina, acquainting her, in the least agitating terms, that her mother was arrived at the rectory, and impatient to see her.

Wilhelmina hastened as fast as her surprise would permit.

The meeting between her and her mother, was, on one side, unaffected emotion, and on the other, natural feelings strained to ludicrous bombast.

Mary left them alone, thinking it most proper; but Mrs. Carter's voiceferous

voiceferous bewailings over the scars in her daughter's face, and broken sentences alluding to the barber, and the Count, refounded through the houfe, and induced Mary to return and interrupt them.

“ Well, madam, (faid ſhe) you find Wilhelmina quite clear in her intellects: wherefore did you draw conclufions to the contrary ?”

Mrs. Carter replied, “ to be fure ſhe perceived no figns of raving madnefs, but ſhe thought the dear girl's fpirits were deplorably broken; and no wonder, for if ſhe ever looked in a glaſs, it was enough to break her heart :—“ come, Wilhelmina,” ſhe added, “ I will accompany you to your habitation ; I fear, alas ! it is very inadequate to your *birth* and expectations.”

Wilhelmina

Wilhelmina glad to put a period to the trouble at the rectory, conducted her mother to the widow Benson's.

Mrs. Carter held up her petticoats to her ancles, as she passed through the brick kitchen to the parlour; which she deigned to acknowledge was better than she had supposed.

Wilhelmina strove to engage her attention to the numerous obligations conferred on her by Mrs. Hadleigh and her family; but the subject only produced murmurings, that she had not been invited to reside at the rectory; and even that was too obscure a life for one bred like her: "but common minds," Mrs. Carter added, "could not decide *delicately* in *nice* points."

Wilhelmina finding how opposite her mother's sentiments were to her own,

own, changed the topic, deploring her father's firm resentment, and asked "if Augustus ever recollected her as part of the family?" upon which Mrs. Carter related her conversation with him, on supposing her senses disordered. Wilhelmina derived no very high opinion of her brother's tenderness, from the part he bore in it; but her mother informed her, "he was then wholly engrossed by his passion for a young lady at Godfrey Hall; and as her father and Mr. Carter were determined on the match, she believed he would soon be married."

Mrs. Benson did not intrude on the mother and daughter, till a roasted chicken was carried in for supper; when she followed, to take her seat at the table.

"Where

“Where have you been my good friend?” said Wilhelmina, “I have been wishing to introduce you to my mother.”

Mrs. Carter retreating, drew herself up; and, “you are heartily welcome, madam,” was only returned by a scornful toss of the head.

Mrs. Carter could scarcely contain her ire, during supper; yet took very kindly to the chicken.

When she retired with her daughter to her chamber, she threw herself in a chair, exclaiming, “Alas! I little thought the indignities I should encounter, in gratifying my maternal feelings;—you might have kept your low-lived associate at a distance, when I condescended to give you my company: but since you are an alien to every sense of propriety, I renounce you as well as
your

your father ; and to-morrow I shall quit G——, with augmented sorrow ; for I did flatter myself, though you had out-lived your beauty and your fame, you retained a sufficient remembrance of yourself, “ to look contempt on little folks below.”

Wilhelmina was dejected to think a visit from a parent, which might have been a solace and pleasure, was attended with neither.

However, next day, she endeavoured to detain her mother, lest hurrying journies should too much fatigue, and in some faint hopes a longer time would more forcibly prove the advantages of her situation ; but her intreaties were ineffectual,—Mrs. Carter set off, saying, “ she left her to the joys of her pig-stye, and the *polite converse* of its *superintendent*.”

A PARTING.

A PARTING.

Mary was surprised to hear of Mrs. Carter's sudden departure, but by no means sorry.

She believed Wilhelmina's reformation too sincere, to admit of a relapse; but she plainly perceived her mother's conversation would not tend to strengthen her good resolutions, having given a specimen at the rectory, that shewed her void of all principle.

Mrs. Crawley declared, "a viler composition of pride and affectation, had never fallen under her observation; that her manners and language were a complete burlesque on refinement and sensibility."

And

And had Mrs. Crawley known the particulars of Wilhelmina's story, she would also have pronounced Mrs. Carter a miracle of ingratitude, to remain unmoved by the benefits her daughter experienced.

Mrs. Crawley and Miss Willoughby, after passing three months at the rectory, talked of bidding adieu.

They were assured by Hadleigh and Mary, the longer they stayed, the greater would be the favour they conferred; and Mrs. Crawley said, "were her desires to stay, and those to go, fairly balanced, the poor departing plan would soon kick the beam; but her presence was really requisite at home."

Parting being an evil the dearest friends are obliged to endure, each endeavoured to submit with a good grace.

Crawley, after escorting them part of the road, said, " he was not inclined to sing or dance that evening, but after his pillow had reminded him how unexpectedly he had so long enjoyed their society, he should be perfectly in tune."

Mary, on most occasions of regret, flew to her nursery, where the little Mary smiled her into joy; nor were Betsey's caresses received with a whit less pleasure after she became a mother. As her affection for the engaging little orphan was unabating, so she stored her mind, as it gradually opened, with every useful lesson; and her infantine pleasures were studied as well as her improvement.

Betsey was almost as much at Mr. Godfrey's house, as at the rectory, and received the most condescending

proofs of his and Mrs. Maddel's affection.

Mr. and Mrs. Davison frequently sent their grandchild tokens of their remembrance; and the latter gratefully acknowledged to Mrs. Hadleigh that her health was greatly restored, since she heard that her daughter was bountifully supplied with comforts in her last hours, and in consequence of seeing her child so generously protected.

Mary doubtless rejoiced in having been instrumental to the good woman's recovery.

She daily experienced that a good act was the root of many extensive branches, separately grateful to the senses, and ultimately forming an umbrageous shelter from the keen blasts of self-reproach.

CROSS PURPOSES.

When Mrs. Carter returned to London, she told her brother, “ she would not have gone upon any account, could she have guessed how Wilhelmina’s situation would shock her.”

“ What !” said Mr. Smithson, “ are the poor girl’s senses quite fled ?”

“ Worse,—*worse* than that, a great deal.”

“ Perhaps she is no more.”

“ Were she dead,” said Mrs. Carter, “ I should be resigned,— but she is actually buried alive.”

“ The Lord defend me !” replied Mr. Smithson, with a countenance

of horror, "who has practised such cruelty?"

"Mrs. Hadleigh—Mary Godfrey that was;—all her doings."

"Alas! your sex are so outrageous against a frail sister: but you are deceived, such an offence against humanity could never come to pass in a Christian land."

"What offence?—what is the man talking of?—I say she is *buried alive* in an obscure country town, with no employment but tending pigs and poultry; and no companion but an old peasant, who shatters one's nerves every time she opens her mouth."

"Well—well—I am glad to hear this however."

"What are you glad of, barbarian?"

"*Glad* I am mistaken, to be sure, sister."

And

And Mr. Smithson really thought it matter for rejoicing, that his niece was getting her bread honestly ; but when he gathered from Mrs. Carter's further discourse, that Wilhelmina was sheltered from indigence, and recalled to the paths of virtue, by Mrs. Hadleigh and her family, his heart warmed with admiration.

Mr. Smithson was a very reputable tradesman ; but, though dwelling in the midst of the world, he was a novice in the ways of it ;—his scrupulous integrity rendered him dormant to his interest ; but, nevertheless, gained him the good will of all who knew him.

He had, at times, an appearance of servility, which generally characterizes the fordid ; but his humble demeanour literally proceeded from a tenaciousness of offending, and a

sense of religion, that prompted him, when his cloak was taken, to give his coat.

His business brought him handsome returns ; out of which he had portioned two daughters ; but he loved to see his friends surround him, and lived up to the remainder of his income.

His wife, with whom he had no fortune, had been dead a few years ; and his mother resided with him, to whom, as well as some other relations, he was very generous ; and whatever charities fell in his way, he cheerfully contributed towards them.

He was on affectionate terms with the Carters, because he made it a principle to dwell in unity ; but he thought them reprehensible in their mode of bringing up their children ;

and

and that Wilhelmina's conduct was such as they might expect.

His sister's weakness appeared to him more flagrant than ever, in being so wretchedly insensible to her daughter's providential escape from vice and shame;—whose repentance affected him excessively; and he determined to testify his satisfaction in it, by paying her a visit;—for which purpose, he procured her direction from her mother.

About a week after Mrs. Carter's returned to Hampton, Mr. Smithson appeared at the Widow Benson's.

Wilhelmina was pleasingly surprised to see her uncle, whose wrath she had often reflected on, during her retirement; though it had passed unheeded in her days of vanity.

He kindly chid her for not writing to him previous to her settling.

M 4

She

She pleaded that she felt so guilty, that it was too painful a task to address the worthy.

Mary called about an hour after Mr. Smithson arrived, and wondered to find Wilhelmina *tête-a-tête* with a gentleman.

On being introduced to him, she thought his attention to his niece spoke him affectionate and benevolent; and, before she departed, invited them both to spend the next day at the rectory.

Mr. Smithson was charmed with Mary's sweetness and affability, saying, her angelic goodness was painted in her face.

A DEROGATORY MARRIAGE

Mary informed Hadleigh of the guests she had invited, and he prepared

pared to receive Mr. Smithson as a very worthy character: nor did his appearance lessen the idea.

The contrast in him to his sister was truly striking.

She had received every attention as inferior to those her consequence demanded—whereas, he seemed, as it were, uncommonly elated by the notice of the elegant and amiable.

After thus partaking of hospitality at the rectory, he returned with his niece to Mrs. Benson's, with whom he soon grew sociable; praising her domestic management, and the neatness of her habitation; in short, the pleasure and approbation he expressed, newly embellished Wilhelmina's comfort.

Mr. Smithson staid a week at G——, during which time he presented his niece with a bank-note,

bidding her consider it as a promissory one, of the like sum, every half year, till she might be restored to her father's house. He added, she should be welcome to reside with him, but he had no compensation to offer the society she would then quit.

Wilhelmina expressed herself wholly conscious of his goodness; and parted from him with tears in her eyes.

In less than a fortnight after, she received a letter from her good uncle, acquainting her that her family were in fresh tumults; for Augustus, instead of marrying the young lady destined for him, was clandestinely united to her maid. Of the particulars of the business he professed ignorance; adding, he only knew

Mr.

Mr. Carter was outrageous, and his wife little better.

Wilhelmina seriously sympathized in the distress of her parents; and she could not conceive it greater than it was.

Mr. Carter wreaked his vengeance on his own person; and threatened his wife, if she approached him.— So Mrs. Carter bewailed in a distant corner, prophesying her end would be a broken heart.

A week or more was passed in this state, bordering on distraction, when Mr. Carter recollected his son's wife was ennobled by being united to him; and, having no other chance of lawful issue, he deigned to be reconciled.

“ I shall have Herculean labour,” said Mrs. Carter, “ to refine the plebeian's manners; but, since she is

to be taken notice of, I must attempt it, or suffer perpetual innovations on my *delicacy*."

But Mrs. Augustus Carter, in most points, far excelled her mother-in-law, being a sensible, clever girl, though of mean parentage.

She was unfeignedly attached to her lady, whose repugnance to young Carter daily increased.

Marianne, however, thought him by no means disgusting; and as weakness and vanity, his too reigning foibles, were easily worked on, at the expence of a few compliments to his person, and well-timed hints of his fruitless pursuit to gain Mrs Belmont's affections, not omitting the possession he had of her's—she set her mistress free, and ensured herself an honourable settlement.

Her

Her personal attractions and peculiar archness, no doubt, capitally assisted the plan.

Augustus would exclaim, when she threw herself in his way, “there is no resisting fate;—I have now all the tender feelings my mother talks of!”

Marianne had not only the address to become an ostensible gentlewoman, but to conduct herself accordingly.

Her first aim was to convert her husband's passion into a well-founded esteem, which, by attaching him to another object, besides himself, bid fair to render him a less contemptible being than he had hitherto been.

A JOURNEY TO LONDON.

Hadleigh and Mary had long been solicited by Mr. and Mrs. Mordant

to

to visit London, and after seeing their little girl happily recovered from inoculation, they left her under Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield's care, with many a blessing, and set off for the capital.

Mary was ever anxious to comply with the wishes of her husband's parents; and the pleasure they expressed in seeing her and their son, seemed to do away some uneasiness she felt from leaving home.

She acknowledged too London was a charming place—and to gaze at it was worth, at any time, two days journey: adding, the august splendour of a flourishing city astonishingly charmed her senses; but the pleasures of the country, which required some wooing, were infinitely more permanent.

A gay

A gay crowd resorted to Mr. Mor-
dant's house, to see the country par-
son and his wife ;—various were the
observations passed on them.

Mary was pronounced easy, for-
mal, chearful, stupid, aukward,
graceful, according to the real or
prejudiced opinions of the visitors :
most of them had seen her before she
was married ; but, being converted
into a domestic animal, and living
twelve months succeßively in the
country, must necessarily cause a
wonderful alteration.

Hadleigh, they also expected, would
be transformed, and so he was, in-
deed, for the better ;—" he used,"
said they, " to be grave, as if con-
ning his college lessons ; but now he
is particularly chearful and atten-
tive."

Both

Both Hadleigh and Mary were ever so in all companies; *ever* conformable to circumstances and situation; and no person, to see them, with modish elegance, join the gay circles at Ranelagh, rout, or opera, could conceive their different avocations at G——.

Mary seized the first opportunity to visit Jemima's parents — whose personal knowledge of her father, and admiration of her character, ensured her a pleasing reception.

They had just heard from Jemima, who was sympathizing in the deep affliction of Lady Newland, for the loss of her daughter.

Mary started at the news; exclaiming, “is Madame de Beaumont no more!” upon which, Mrs. Conway shewed her Jemima's letter, who related that Lady Newland had been
some

some weeks disturbed at not hearing from France, when a letter arrived from the Chevalier, acquainting her that he had lost his wife, by the birth of a son, a very promising child;—but, as yet, the Chevalier said, he thought more of the comfort snatched from him than of that he embraced; as Madame de Beaumont, in the anguish of a severe illness, affectingly declared, if her life could be spared, she would spend it very differently to what she had done; but, in the midst of her good intentions, she was taken off. It appeared she had been some time declining, yet would never suffer any restraint on account of her health.

Mrs. Lewisham painted Lady Newland's grief as extremely severe, though she was thankful Emilia at length

length was blessed with due reflection.

“*Justly thankful,*” said Mary; “and I am happy Lady Newland has that source of consolation, who is a truly amiable woman;” in which she was sincerely joined by Mr. and Mrs. Conway, who loved her ladyship for her friendship to their daughter.

Mary spent a day with the worthy couple, as sociably as if they had been old acquaintances.—Their little girl, the last of their flock to provide for, was engagingly intimate; whose heart Mary won, by promising to take her to see Harlequin.

CHIT-CHAT.

The day after the visit at Blackfriars, Hadleigh and Mary made an excursion

excursion to see the other family of the Conways, whom they met with that satisfaction, valued friends, who have been some time separated, ever experience.

Mary accused them of breaking their word, in not visiting G——.

Mrs. Conway produced her child, as one apology, who had been ill; and her uncle, was another, on the same account.

Mary was concerned for Mr. Barrington's illness; but rejoiced the little Harriet was recovered, who looked the picture of health; and from reminding her of her own lovely infant, had a double share of her caresses.

Mrs. Conway, with friendly eagerness, enquired after Mr. Godfrey and Mrs. Maddel, and gladly received
 satisfactory

satisfactory answers as to their health and happiness.

“Yes;” said she, “I thought *their happiness* would be established by removing to G——; I soon perceived all my neighbourly arts to detain them amongst us would be unavailing.”

Enquiries ensued from the Hadleighs relative to the family at Godfrey-hall.

“They are, I believe, (said Mr. Conway) in the common acceptance, good kind of people;—they live quietly in the neighbourhood, without doing either good or harm; the old gentleman is solicitous to settle his children advantageously, and wished to give one of his daughters, a pretty agreeable girl, to young Carter; but you have heard, no doubt,

doubt, that her maid became her rival.

Mary said, “ she had heard the curious history;” which brought on a conversation on the Carters, and the particulars which have been related, were discussed: Mrs. Conway adding to them, that the young couple resided at Teddington, and that Mrs. Augustus Carter had been visited by several families, not from respect, as might be supposed, but from curiosity; and indeed was generally very well spoken of, for not assuming ill-founded airs, and for giving her husband more consequence than he had ever before appeared with.”

“ Then, perhaps, (replied Mary) the parents bear the event with tolerable composure.”

: “ Yes;

“ Yes; (said Mrs. Conway) Mr. Carter makes out his daughter-in-law is well born, so that one would think he had her pedigree on demand; and Mrs. Carter says, it was the poor girl's tender, uncontrollable passion, induced her to reside near him, though in humble guise; tho' every body knows,” added Mrs. Conway, “ that Marianne lived with Miss Belmont long before she came to Hampton.”

Mary said, “ it would be culpable in any person to contradict any absurdity that strengthened family unity;” which observation closed the subject.

Hadleigh and Mary called on many former acquaintances, but deemed the Carters unworthy notice; therefore quitted Hampton without seeing them: but they did not, on their

return to London, treat Mr. Smithson with the like neglect, whom they visited and invited to Pall Mall.

The rector and his wife had been about ten days from home,—in less than ten more they thought of returning.

Mary had heard twice from her friend Constance that her child and all friends were well; which rendered every scene more delightful.

A SHORT RETROSPECT.

Mary wrote a letter of condolence to Lady Newland, and heard by return of post from Mrs. Lewisham, that her ladyship, when more composed, meant to acknowledge her kindness;

kindness; though, at that time, she was as resigned as could be expected.

It appeared the Mr. Peytons were on a visit at Newland House, endeavouring to mitigate their aunt's grief. Jemima said, "she thought them both pleasing young men, particularly the youngest, perhaps from having seen most of him, as he frequently strolled to the cottage.

Jemima did not dwell further on the subject in her letter, but her thoughts were much engrossed by Mr. Robert Peyton's attentions to her sister.

She imagined Jane too young to inspire serious thoughts; but exactly of an age to imbibe them; and feared, from the total inequality of circumstances, it could never be a match.

She would not speak her sentiments to her sister, lest the affair might

might derive too much consequence from such a conversation; but she revealed them to her husband and father-in-law, who bid a conviction of Mr. Robert Peyton's honour dispel her doubts.

And the Lewishams only did him justice, as a short time after evinced, when he told his aunt "he preferred Jane Conway to every girl he had ever seen; and believed, notwithstanding her youth, she would make an excellent wife."

Lady Newland replied, "your fortune, my dear Robert, intitles you to chuse without consulting pecuniary advantages; and I see no obstacle to your union with Jane, of whom I have as good an opinion as you can have, and think she may prove a more prudent choice than

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a woman with a larger portion, and qualified to spend it."

But Lady Newland also advised her nephew not to be hasty, as they were each very young, and liable to mistake their real sentiments."

Peyton thought the former part of his aunt's speech extremely wise, but the latter superabundantly so; and being of a disposition, to be rapid in executing, as well as planning, he flew to Godfrey Cottage, where he effectually converted Mrs. Lewisham's disquiet into satisfaction, and received all the encouragement he could hope from her sister, who requested time to think on a subject, on which she had never before bestowed a thought.

Jane Conway much resembled Jemima in person, but was of graver
I manners ;

manners; inheriting from her mother a serene steadiness, which produced a solidity above her years.

Robert Peyton wrote to his parents, and his letter was accompanied by one from Jemima, which convinced them they were likely to be singularly fortunate in the disposal of their children.

Mrs. Conway went the same day to Pall Mall, to convey the news to Mrs. Hadleigh, who had also letters from Lady Newland and Jemima.

Mary rejoiced in the prospect of so pleasing an event; and could further illustrate Mr. Robert Peyton's character, from a personal acquaintance with him.

His name recalled to her memory her visit to Emilia at Newland-house, on her return from school.

Mary could not avoid ruminating (after Mrs. Conway left her) on the various occurrences since that day.

The death of Madam de Beaumont was almost the only one that extorted a painful sigh.

Mary's husband and child, the many valuable friends she had acquired, and the continued health of her father and Mrs. Maddel, all floated on her imagination in blissful eddies, and the tide of thankfulness overflowed her eyes.

SUICIDE.

Mary and Hadleigh, after bidding adieu to their friends in London, arrived safe at the rectory, where
their

their return could not fail to diffuse joy.

As many letters having passed as the time would admit, there was little news to relate on either side; but a letter from Mrs. Davison, to Mary, which arrived the day before, contained a piece of intelligence very unexpected; which was, that Winterton, continuing the name of Stanley, was a boarder in the farmer's family.

Mrs. Davison mentioned him as a gentleman who came a stranger into the country, and not finding a house to suit him, her husband had agreed to accommodate him until one was vacant;—that she discovered he had a knowledge of Mr. Godfrey, by his exclaiming, on the mentioning of his name, “that he

N 3

believed,

believed, if he retreated to the Antipodes, Mr. Godfrey would be talked of!" — Therefore, Mrs. Davison added, "the family at G—— might be somewhat acquainted with Mr. Stanley's character, and though the enquiry was rather late, her husband and herself begged the favour to know if they were in any danger of losing by him."

Whilst Mr. Godfrey was debating how Mrs. Davison's letter should be answered, consistent with clemency and justice, another arrived from the same quarter, that conveyed a severe shock; relating that Mr. Stanley had died suddenly, much to be dreaded from the effect of poison.

That he had confined himself to his room for a few days, which led them to imagine he was ill; yet he made no complaint; and one evening,
when

when he came down to discharge his debt for board and lodging, he appeared in health; but the next morning was found dead in his bed.

Mrs. Davison said, "she was particular in her account, as it appeared Mr. Godfrey and Mr. Stanley must have been friends; all his effects being consigned to "Henry Godfrey, Esq; of G——, in G——shire."

This event produced a train of melancholy reflections in Mr. Godfrey, and those interested in all that concerned him.

It may be truly asserted, that the unhappy fraud did not occasion to the injured party, half the disturbance effected by Winterton's death.

Mr. Godfrey thought it expedient to answer Mrs. Davison's letter personally, and never being too

much enveloped in his own affairs, to forget the satisfaction of others. He made little Betsey the companion of his journey, who proved an expressive introduction for him to her relations.

The coroners having brought in their verdict lunacy, they were preparing for Winterton's funeral.

Mr. Godfrey attended it as a chief mourner, and sincerely performed the office.

Mr. and Mrs. Davison modestly expressing some curiosity respecting the deceased,

"He was (said Mr. Godfrey) the child of a worthy couple, whose only failing was indulging him in a turn for expence beyond his circumstances.

"In his days of youth and luxury, I became acquainted with him ;
to

to his social qualities I was attached, but— (here Mr. Godfrey paused) but in other points we differed.

“ He was long abroad, during which time, I heard of the death of his parents; but for himself, my only knowledge of him in the space of twenty-one years, was meeting him by accident eighteen months ago; hearing afterwards he resided in the north, and being now assured of his having paid the grand debt, that cancels every other.”

The Davisons were rather depressed by the distressing event happening in their house, but soon grew chearful in the society of one they so much respected; and the sight of their grandchild ever delighted them.

This was her third visit, to them; each time they beheld Betsey, her

improvements astonished them, and inspired reiterated gratitude to her patrons.

The good couple were convinced, by the instance in their own family, that the supreme Being, at His divine pleasure, produced good from evil,—converting affection into wondering joy.

THE LEGACY.

Mr. Godfrey, upon inspecting Winterton's escrutore, found a letter, directed to himself.

“ To HENRY GODFREY, Esq.

“ Oh! Godfrey, life is become burthenfome.

“ Be-

“ Be not shocked when you hear I have added suicide to my other crimes.

“ I repaid my parent's tenderness by reducing them with sorrow to their graves.

“ For I have every reason to think my conduct towards you hastened their end ; what's more, I *feel* it did.

“ I know you have forgiven me ; but I cannot forgive myself.

“ Your idea, ever since I saw you indignant, yet merciful, has adhered to my heart like a pointed dagger, and every mention of your name plunged it deeper : I have sought to elude the penetrating sound, but your benevolence is too popular for my peace ; though, I doubt not, it has everlastingly secured your own.

“ You may think of eternity—but I cannot :—I rush forward, without

deliberation, for no tortures can exceed those of a guilty conscience.—Remorse, without hope, is insupportable.

“I repay you all I can. Three thousand is far short—but if, by the disposal of that sum, you can make my memory less hateful, do.

“J. WINTERTON.”

Mr. Godfrey found the sum stated in the escutcheon, which he appropriated to his charitable fund.

He appointed bread to be distributed every fortnight, in the parish where Winterton died, as his legacy; and, as the Davisons were above accepting any present but a snuff-box and reading-glass, his cloaths and moveables
were

were to be disposed of for the benefit of the indigent neighbours.

Mr. Godfrey, after transacting this business, took leave of the Davison's ; but, designing to pass a week at Sir Robert Mansfield's, he left Betsey to be sent after him to Mountain Grove, where he most agreeably surprized the Baronet and his sister ; who ran over twenty omens there had been of a stranger coming to the house ; persuading Mr. Godfrey he had been suspended, ten days successively, from the first bar of the parlour-stove ; but he thought that, and all the good lady's signs, more contestible than those she denoted of being glad to see him.

He had many questions to answer concerning all friends at G—— ; and he passed his time very pleasantly, till

till Betsey's arrival reminded him of departing.

He desired first to be supplied with all the news Mrs. Elizabeth could fend to Mrs. Mansfield and his daughter.

“Tell them,” said she, “that Sally Lewin makes a very good wife ; and has got a good husband.—All neighbours, high and low, continually ask after them ; as to Mrs. Hadleigh, she is known by no other name than the good fairy ; and, if she does not soon appear amongst us in her usual form, it will be concluded she has assumed some other, to effect the good purposes she ever had in view.”

Mary's praise in any garb was music to her father's ears ; he left Mountain Grove with the pleasing vibration, and arrived safe at G——, where

where all friends united in his opinion, respecting Winterton, that condemnation should end with his being, and the prevailing sentiment of survivors be the Christian hope, that he found that mercy abounding Heaven promises.

CONCLUSION.

Mary was again re-instituted in the avocations at G——, which her heart delighted in; judiciously dividing her hours amongst the poor and the rich, and fully exercising every conjugal, filial, and maternal sentiment.

The house of the widow Benson was a favourite resort; where she was virtuously gratified in witnessing Wilhelmina's

helmina's improvement in every proper thought—whose peace of mind was more obvious, after the attentions shewn by her uncle Smithson.

One day, whilst Mary was sitting at work with her, a letter came from him, which she began to read aloud, but could not proceed.

It informed her that her mother's life was despaired of, in a bilious fever; and he advised her, by all means, to hasten to Hampton.

Wilhelmina needed not intreaties to set off the next morning early; and the day after arrived at her uncle Smithson's, who accompanied her to her father's.

She threw herself at his feet, conjuring him to let her see her mother.

He

He was at first incensed at her forcing herself into his presence; but her humiliation abated his wrath.

“ You are mainly altered, indeed, girl,” said he; “ what, now you have lost your beauty, you know how to pay proper deference:—yes, you may go to your mother, who is woe-ful ill.”

When Mrs. Carter was informed her daughter was come expressly to see her, “ O,” said she, “ I should have had notice a week beforehand, to prepare myself for the affecting interview;—but I am doomed to perturbations to my last hour; because every body about me is callous to the *tender feelings*.”

Wilhelmina being at length admitted, was, shocked to perceive the considerable change in her mother.

Mrs.

Mrs. Carter, from her corpulent habit, was a bad subject for a fever; and expired a few days after, in the midst of her daughter's unremitting care.

The circumstance of his wife's death, seemed to inspire Mr. Carter with an idea that there were other interruptions to the joys of wealth and pomp, besides a failure in accumulation, and derogatory marriages.

"I did not think she would die," said he; "but, since she is gone, I will shew my regard to her memory, by a funeral that shall make folks stare."

"Rather shew it," said Mr. Smithson, "by retaining her daughter under your roof;—we most honour the dead, by cherishing the survivors whom they loved."

Mrs.

“ Mr. Smithson, I did not ask your counsel,” said Mr. Carter, fur-
lily.

The good man was easily silenced ; but he found, though his overtures were treated contemptuously, that Mr. Carter meant to act properly ; having told Wilhelmina she should not be beholden to strangers any longer, but remain with him ; and, he supposed, her face was good security against another elopement :—upon which Wilhelmina wrote

“ To Mrs. HADLEIGH.

“ MY DEAREST MADAM,

“ I only arrived time enough to close my mother’s eyes, which has oppressed me with melancholy ;

choly ; but I cannot defer informing you that the event has softened my father's heart in my favour, and the shelter of a parent's roof is once more afforded me ; as such, it must be dear to me—but the loss of your society will be irreparable.

“ All you have ever said is indelibly imprinted on my memory. My gratitude can only cease with my being ; and, may each blessing conferred on me, rebound ten-fold to you and your's.

“ I have seen my brother and his wife ; she appears neither ill-bred or ignorant ; and, I hope, will succeed in the pains she apparently takes, to make Augustus respectable :— he is certainly less of a coxcomb than he was.

Adieu my best friend :— I will not offer my father's respects till

I have made him sensible of my wonderful obligations ;—my uncle Smithson begs I will not omit his.

“ My tears flow, to think how long it may be before I converse with you again ; but a reconciliation with my father is what I have incessantly prayed for, and must be thankful my prayers are heard :—How undeserving am I of every blessing ! but if a life congenial to the sentiments Heaven, through you, has inspired, can make atonement, it shall not be wanting. By pursuing the path you have pointed out, I shall convince you more than by words, that I am your

“ grateful

“ WILHELMINA.”

This

This letter was accompanied by one to Mrs. Benson, to whom she wrote very affectionately; appointing her successor to her share in the farm, well knowing Mrs. Hadleigh would approve the transfer.

Mary's wishes were now wholly fulfilled respecting Wilhelmina, who was welcomed, on her return home, from a quarter she least expected.

Mr. and Mrs. Conway, by making her a very friendly visit, at once proved their innate goodness and alertness, to follow Mrs. Hadleigh's excellent example.

The amiable couple looked on Mr. Godfrey and his daughter, as at the pinnacle of human perfection:—indeed every friend coincided in the same opinion, and rejoiced Mary was united to a man, whose assimilative mind exulted in her benevolent disposition,

position, and who fondly concurred in every amiable procedure.

For Hadleigh and Mary were mutually convinced, “felicity’s firmest basis was virtue;”—*like the judicious architect, building their house on a rock that neither winds or waves could move.*

F I N I S.